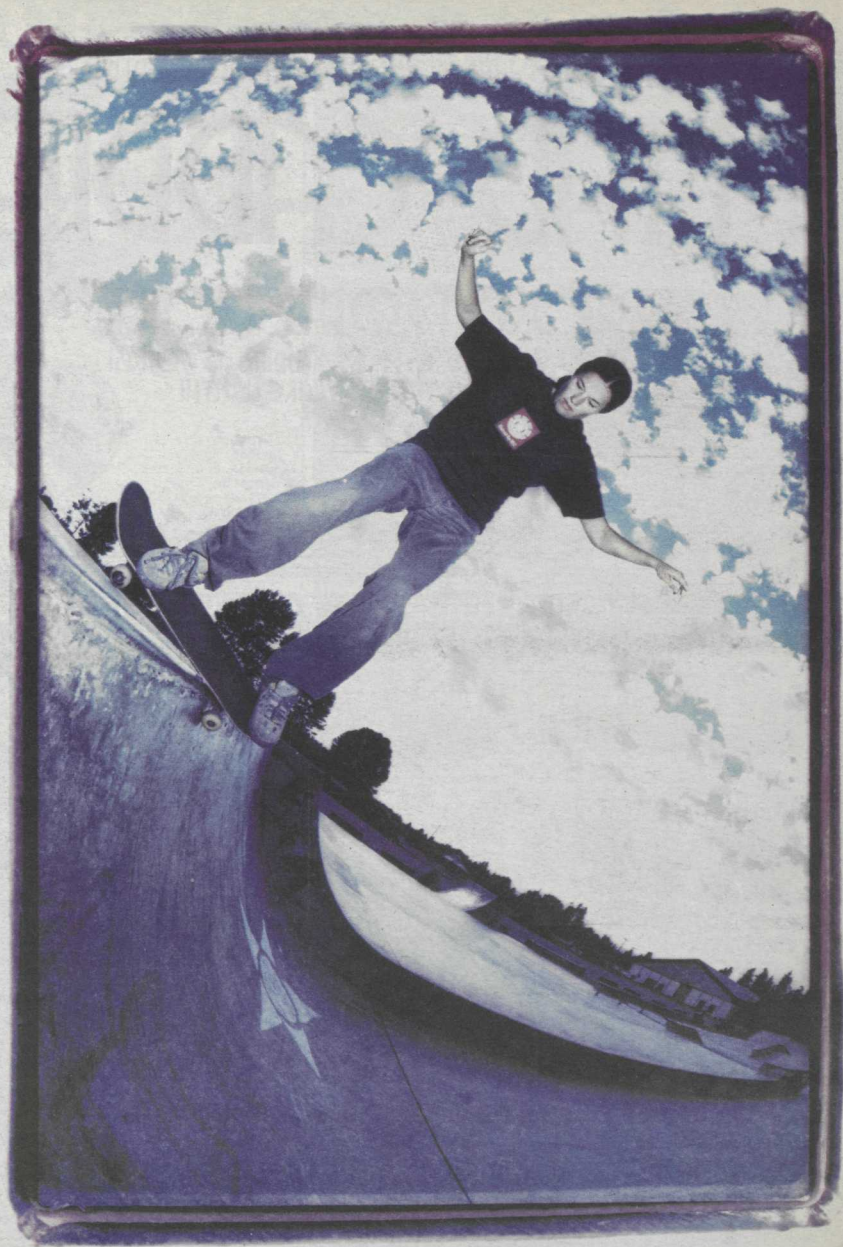


DISCORDER

March 2003 - That Riot-Starting Magazine From CiTR 101.9fm

Riot Grrrls
Ikara Colt
Hanin Elias
Sue Foley
Elastica



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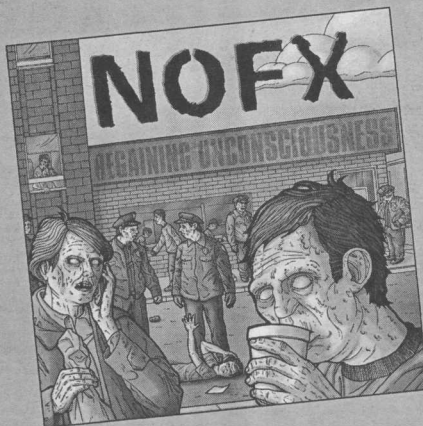


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DISCORDER

ISSUE 238 • MARCH 2003 • THAT GRAVITY-DEFYING MAG FROM CTR 101.9FM



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Cover

Ryan Hamilton took the photo on the cover. He's pretty great at that whole photography thing. You can see his photos scattered elsewhere throughout the magazine if you don't believe us. Chris put the cover together in less than an hour after the initial idea fell through. But that's why they pay him the big, big money and he sports the photobling-bling.

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the April issue is March 12. Ad space is available until March 19 and can be booked by calling Steve at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send email to DISCORDER@discorderclub.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at ctrmgr@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at www.ctr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-4138 SLUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

"I hate the Office; it's in on my social life." —Dorothy Parker

printed in canada



SONAR

66 WATER STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

Events at a glance:

WEDNESDAY MARCH 5

DI BABY YU & MC RG (Toronto) @ GRANDE

Deemed one of the top three (hip hop) mix DJs in Canada...while GMAN & Rick claim BABY YU's debut at Grande last year to have been one of the craziest sets they'd ever witnessed...It's Flow FM's main mix man bringing the heat - this time with the support of MC RG to hype the crowd. Also GMAN & PHYSISIK playing the hip hop, r&b, reggae and old school. www.gmanandrick.com Doors 9pm/Cover \$7

SUNDAY MARCH 9

SISTAHOOD

VMASS presents the annual benefit for the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre showcasing west coast's female hip hop/spoken word/b-girl talent. Lauren Burrows hosts this 3rd edition featuring Medusa w/ DJ Spark (L.A.), Adverser (L.A.), Ndidi Cascade, Kia Kadir, Green Tara, Shankin, Brigeet K, Zenobia Salik, Kanne Zamor, Laurie Bricker, Noba, Rachel Flood, Barbara Adler, The Pearl Crew B-Girl Squad. Doors 7:00pm/Open Mic 7:30pm/Show 8:00pm/\$18 Advance at Zulu, Highlife, Boomtown, Bassix, FWUHL.

MONDAY MARCH 10

CONTEXT 3 YEAR ANNIVERSARY

Join CTRCA and the Context Crew as they celebrate the night's 3rd anniversary! Vancity's Monday night lar for live underground hip hop proudly presents local faves, SWEAT SHOP UNION, FOURTH WORLD OCCUPANTS, and more. Giveaways and prizes courtesy of sponsors. Plus resident DJs, SHORTFUSE and TEEN. www.c1rcapresents.com Doors 9pm/Cover \$5 before 11pm/\$7 after

THURSDAY MARCH 13

MAURO PICOTTO (Gatecrasher, Italy) & MARCO CAROLA (Design Music, Zenit, UK)

MAURO PICOTTO landed #8 on DJ Mag last year and he's been tagged as the #1 Har DJ in the world for his unrelenting fusion of uplifting trance and hard techno. Historic anthems and headline appearances at Gatecrasher, GodsKitchen, Spunade, Creamfields and WMC secure him as one of the biggest figures in dance music today. Here he's joined by MARCO CAROLA, the techno DJ/producer whose works have been compared to the likes of Richie Hawtin. He's the electronic visionary who is considered by some to be the heir to Jeff Mills' techno empire. An exclusive double bill presented by Tigerstone Ent. and PH1.ca. Doors 9pm/\$20 Early bird tx at Futuristic Flavour, Bassix, Boomtown, Zulu/\$25 Week of.

FRIDAY MARCH 21

DI VADIM & THE RUSSIAN PERCUSSION (Ninja Tune/Jazz Fudge - Russia)

@ DIRTY DEEDS

DI VADIM makes his return. This time, touring in support of his latest album, "U.S.S.R. The Art of Listening" which features Gift of Gab, Killa Kela, Motion Man and Phi Life Cypher, and more. Accompanying Vadim on this night will be MC Yarah Bravo set to perform her cuts from the album, plus DJ FIRST RATE of the Scratch Perverts (UK), ready to drop some serious deck business. Ninja Tune and 2Guenilla bring you another true night of underground hip-hop and turntablism. It all goes down at Dirty Deeds with local favorites, VINYL KITCHIE & CZECH. www.2guenilla.com Doors 9pm/Cover \$15/No advance tickets

SUNDAY MARCH 23

STEPHEN MALKMUS AND THE JICKS

Indie at its best! STEPHEN MALKMUS, widely known as Pavement's former front man has made his solo mark. Upon the formation of THE JICKS (Malkmus' new band consisting of former Fastback members) and an self-titled solo album, they're set to release a 2nd LP "Pig Lib" this month. Matador recording artists hit the stage at this live engagement not to be missed. www.stephenmalkmus.com Doors 8:00pm/\$20 Advance at Zulu, Scratch, Highlife, Noze!, Ditch Records (Victoria)

TUESDAY MARCH 24

THIEVERY CORPORATION

2Guenilla and House of Blues Concerts present THE THIEVERY CORPORATION. Following their world tour upon releasing their latest, most critically acclaimed album, "The Richest Man In Babylon" the Corp. make their return. Now for the first time here, see a rare appearance of this duo behind the decks, presenting the roots of their dynamic and global sound while giving fans a taste of their upcoming dub plates. Doors 9:00pm/\$30.00 Advance at Ticketmaster (604) 280-4444 online at www.ticketmaster.ca

THURSDAY MARCH 27

CLOINC (Sellwell - Germany)

Standard method brings you an evening of live electro-tronic audio transmissions. German recording artists Andre Estermann & Electric Sheep have joined forces and are now recognized as CLOINC. Bunked in the IDM school among others such as Boards of Canada, Autechre and Jaga Jaga, Cloinc's musical style blends a molley of complex but tongue-in-cheek breakbeats with musical structure. Plus locals KALIFLOWER & SOOLAH. Doors 9:00pm/\$17 Advance at Scratch, Zulu, Global Atomic Designs, Foundation Lounge, Boomtown, Bassix

coming soon: THURSDAY APRIL 10 - **APHRODITE**

>> Please remember to bring 2 pieces of ID. The club is now required by law to ask anyone who appears to be under the age of 25 for two pieces of ID. This second piece must include your name with your picture or signature (Care Card / SIN card / credit card etc.)

MON CONTEXT HIP HOP WED GRANDE R&B HIP HOP

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ENLIST ONLINE:
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FRIDAY MARCH 21

Be Good Tanyas



The Waifs

with special guest **Serena Ryder**

LIMITED SEATING
AVAILABLE

TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU AND HIGHLIFE

DOORS 8PM
SHOW 9PM

COMMODORE BALLROOM

MARCH 5

CALEXICO



with special guest
from Sweden
Overcoat Recording Artist
**NICOLAI
DUNGER**

TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE AT
ZULU, HIGHLIFE & HIGHLIFE

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

FRIDAY MARCH 7

SNAPCASE



THE JULIANA THEORY



ON TOUR BY
hopefall

TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE
AT ZULU AND HIGHLIFE

CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

FRIDAY MARCH 7



HOLLY MCNARLAND

WITH SPECIAL GUEST
EMM GRYNER

COMMODORE BALLROOM

MARCH 19

SUPERGRASS

WITH SPECIAL GUEST

THE CORAL



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THE ALBUM "LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS" OUT NOW
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COMMODORE BALLROOM

MARCH 9

from norway - astralwerks recording artists

Röyksopp

www.royksopp.com

with special guests

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND HIGHLIFE

COMMODORE BALLROOM

MARCH 18

THE VINES



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

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TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

CD IN STORES NOW

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SPIRIT OF THE WEST



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
**THE TOWN PANTS (FRIDAY)
& WIL (SATURDAY)**

COMMODORE BALLROOM

MARCH 23



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS **JOHN FORD**

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

MARCH 20



**DESTROYER
JERK WITH A BOMB
SINOIA CAVES**

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU,
SCRATCH AND NOIZE

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

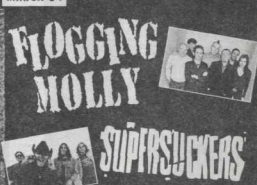
MARCH 30



www.cheaptrick.com

COMMODORE BALLROOM

MARCH 31

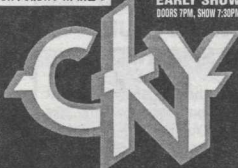


WITH SPECIAL GUESTS **THE BRIGGS**

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, NOIZE AND SCRATCH

COMMODORE BALLROOM

SATURDAY APRIL 5



EARLY SHOW
DOORS 7PM, SHOW 7:30PM

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

APRIL 8



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
THE SIGHTS

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU & SCRATCH

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

FRIDAY APRIL 11

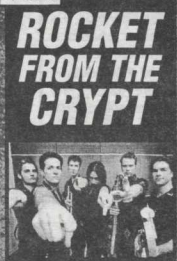


WITH SPECIAL GUEST **CAESARS** AND MORE

TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE AT ZULU, NOIZE & SCRATCH

COMMODORE BALLROOM

APRIL 13

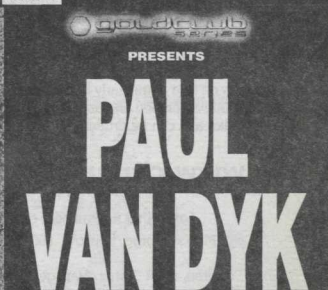


WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
THE SPITS

TICKETS ALSO AT
SCRATCH, NOIZE AND ZULU

COMMODORE BALLROOM

APRIL 14



COMMODORE BALLROOM

PURCHASE TICKETS ONLINE AT hob.com OR ticketmaster.ca | ticketmaster 604-280-4444 / www.ticketmaster.ca

CiTR REUNION

May 9th-11th, 2003

YOU, 1982

YOU, 2003



EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO SMASH THE STATE ANYMORE, YOU CAN STILL HANG OUT WITH YOUR OLD FRIENDS AND GET SMASHED.

After 21 years of challenging the status quo on the FM bandwaves, CiTR is having a party to celebrate. More than a million songs down the pike (more than a handful featuring the Seven Words You Can't Say on Television—thank God for radio)—not to mention thousands of sundry pranks, indulgences and excesses—the station has decided to welcome back the countless dedicated and deranged volunteers who have made CiTR Vancouver's best radio station for more than two decades.

The young and enthusiastic will square off against the old and jaded at the Waldorf Hotel on May 10 to remember—or at least attempt to remember—the station's storied history. Think The Big Chill, think Animal House, think Rock 'n' Roll High School, think Barfly. There'll be live music from the Evaporators—fronted by CiTR stalwart Narduar the Human Serviette. DJs will spin music from the station's glory days (basically whenever it was that they were 21 and dizzy with the thought of inflicting their twisted tastes on an unsuspecting world). There'll be food and drink and fond memories.

Tickets are now on sale at the early bird rate of \$20 before April 1st and \$25 after, and include admission and appetizers. They are available at Zulu Records, CiTR Radio, and can be ordered on line at:

www.citreunion.com.

For further information, call:

Carol Marks-George, Publicity (604) 803.5641

OR

Linda Scholten, CiTR Station Manager (604) 822.1242

ROCK AND ROCK AND ROLL RADIO! LET'S GO!

music sucks



editorializing by Chris Eng

Are you going to do a Women's issue?
Why are you going to do a Women's issue?
Do we even need a Women's issue?

I can't even begin to count the amount of times I've heard those questions or a variation thereof over the past month or so. The amount of dissent surrounding this concept is staggering and it wasn't coming from the corners of any of the usual beer-guzzling, macho-bullshit, frat-boy contenders.

It's more-or-less consistently been the women in my life who have made overwhelming and substantial contributions to my way of thinking and world-view. And even if some of the potential contributors of the magazine saw their inclusion as confinement to a "women's ghetto," I prefer to see this issue as a celebration of those who have influenced, and continue to influence, our lives for the better.

Me: Hey, the next issue of DISORDER is rolling around and I thought you might like to contribute something to it.

Any one of numerous talented and creative women I know:

I'd love to! That sounds great!

Me: Fantastic! Okay, just so you know, it's the Women's Issue.

Talented Woman: (with the distinct inflection of someone who's been told their dog was put down while they were on vacation, or that they have inoperable bowel cancer) Oh. Is it? Maybe I'm busy.

The first Women's Issue I remember was from 1996, and carried the striking and unforgettable Girl's Oath on the cover.

"I promise, on MY HONOUR to do my BEST, to do my DUTY TO MYSELF & MY SISTERS, to obey MY INSTINCT TO SURVIVE, to help other [women's symbols] whenever I can, to keep myself physically STRONG, mentally AWAKE & morally QUEER."

The Women's Issue tradition carried on for several years, putting out a themed magazine every March until last year. March 2002 was like any other issue. Nothing of note to separate it from February or April. The Women's Issue had died a quiet and unnoticed death. But it did not come without warning.

In March 2001, the masthead blurb about the front cover read:

"we couldn't decide whether or not this was a 'women's issue.'"

some of us thought it should be, while a certain other of us wanted to print "every issue is a women's issue, read the masthead, you dumb fucks" on the cover. The rest of us just weren't sure."

But in the space of a year and a half, the core staff at the magazine had done a complete turnabout—all women had been replaced by all men, and the topic became relevant again. The question this time, though, was: "What is the purpose of having a Women's issue?" If the purpose of the

'70s—and weathered every adversity with her head held high; my aunt introduced me to the Ramones, Monty Python and a world far-removed from the mainstream; and my ex-girlfriend Alison introduced me to Riot Grrrl and feminist politics with enthusiasm and patience. It's more-or-less consistently been the women in my life who have made overwhelming and substantial contributions to my way of thinking and world-view. And even if some of the potential contributors of the magazine saw their inclusion as confinement to a "women's ghetto," I prefer to see this issue as a celebration of those who have influenced, and continue to influence, our lives for the better. If that's as complex as trying to remake our society from the ground up, we need to be able to make the effort to see where they're coming from, and if it's as simple as making enjoyable music, then we should support them in their endeavours. And listen to their lyrics. Closely.

I'm not going to spout some bullshit conclusion like, "If we lived in a perfect society, every day would be Women's Day," because if we lived in a perfect society, International Women's Day would be a non-issue. We would never have to think twice about why we

But in the space of a year and a half, the core staff at the magazine had done a complete turnabout—all women had been replaced by all men, and the topic became relevant again. The question this time, though, was: "What is the purpose of having a Women's Issue?"

resentation in recent months. In the December issue alone, five women graced the cover (from two bands). Out of nine interviews, six were with women, one was from a mixed male/female band and two were with all-male groups (and one of those was somewhat unfavourable). Also, the first-ever artist of the month was a woman. But if the purpose of the Women's Issue is to spotlight the achievements or ideas of women who are still by and large marginalized by the rest of society, then this is an ideal forum for it.

We've caught hell for doing it too (What do we think we're doing? What do guys know about women?), but I wouldn't feel right if we didn't do one. My mom raised me solo for the first few years of my life while on Welfare—not an especially tenable position, even in the slightly more-enlightened

need it, and we would never have to fight for equality or women's rights. But we do and the streets aren't safe for anyone. So listen to whatever woman is closest to you, and fight the good fight, because we may have come a long way as a society, baby, but we ain't half there yet.

WARI WARI WARI

The Artist of the Month is Genevieve Castree. The subject of her piece "Wari Wari Wari" (in the centre spread) is self-explanatory, but it requires you to put your own exact interpretations into it. Genevieve works in all sorts of different mediums, as should be so evident when she plays set at the Sugar Refinery on Saturday, March 1st with Run, Chico, Run and David P. Smith. Go down and support her. And, while you're at it, listen to her lyrics.

fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

I have to make a confession. I was involved in the MOB system. I was born and raised in P'yongyang, North Korea. The totalitarian regime forced me to become a Mail Order Bride.

I had been groomed since birth to be married to a rich western man. I was chosen based on my parents' supreme genetic pool. My natural beauty became apparent at the age of two. I spoke perfect English by the time I was three. After puberty, my virgin appeal was so enchanting that the officials started to call me Sonnyhymen. My legal name is Sonnmmin Christa Min Adams. That's what it says on my Canadian citizenship certificate. In July of 1994 I was married to international rock sensation Bryan Adams.

It was a secret ceremony because of Bryan's celebrity status and my immigrant status. Both of us benefited from the marriage. I was allowed to leave North Korea in exchange for money that Bryan provided. It was supposed to be a single payment, but they

extorted a lot more out of poor Bryan. Eventually, my family members defected, and now we are protected under the Canadian government.

Bryan married me because he was under a lot of pressure from his family, friends, and fans. He was feeling washed up because *Into the Fire* was such a failure. Four years later,

Soon people started to speculate that he was gay. So like any old millionaire, Bryan Adams went and ordered a teenage bride from North Korea.

"(Everything I Do) I Do It For You" made him a star again. He was insanely rich. Women grabbed his ass everywhere he went. His record company wanted him to date high-profile ladies to get him more publicity. His family wanted him to settle down and have children. Bryan couldn't handle the pressure, so he stayed away from broads completely. Soon people started to speculate that he was gay. So like any old millionaire,

he went and ordered a teenage bride from North Korea.

Bryan's management team was outraged. He was forced to sign a contract that forbade him to tell anyone except his immediate family about the marriage. He was required to take hired women to special events for publicity. I can talk about this now because our divorce is being finalized.

I have to emphasize that Bryan Adams is a good man. We were married, but we were only friends. He wasn't interested in pussy. (He wrote, "Have You Ever Really Loved a Woman?" after we got married. I asked him that question once, and he said "Only if she were a guy.") He paid for my education and he helped free my family from slavery. Just because he writes horrible, vapid, insufferable music doesn't mean he's not a hero. •

vancover special

local reviews by Janis McKenzie

Amy Honey

S/T
(Red Cat Records)

Just look at the cover. That Amy has real charm, and I'm sure that anyone who's ever seen her play live with her band can tell you loads more about it. But all I've got to work with is the CD, a collection of twangy roots-country songs recorded with talented friends like **Carolyn Mark** and **Keith Rose**. A lot of the songs Amy writes are funny (how about this title: "Make Me a Woman Tonight?") while others are little narratives (for instance "Do Ya Wanna Play Darts?"), a love story set at the Railway Club). The bad news is that it's hard to hear Amy's voice, let alone the lyrics, a lot of the time. Sometimes the melodies dip too low for her to sing comfortably; sometimes there's so much reverb the lead vocals can hardly be made out. The songs and instruments sound just fine—next time I'd like to hear more of Amy herself!

www.redcat.ca

Riff Randells

S/T
(Delmonicorecords)

Rarely has a band been more appropriately named. Like the character from *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, this girl-dominated three-piece is made up of middle-class kids who worship **The Ramones**, and the spirit of *The Ramones* drips off the six songs on this EP. Never mind that very little of the original lineup remains (and the website pointedly lists Justin as just a "temporary member")—Joey and Dee Dee didn't stick together forever, either.

And anyone who is bothered by the semi-competent lead guitar work or small moments where the drums fail to match up with the bass is listening to the wrong CD. **The Riff Randells** are just what they should be: simply fast and fun.

www.geocities.com/riffrandells

The Feminists

S/T
(Independent)

Q: How many feminists does it take to change a lightbulb? A: That's not funny.

Yes, for the last few days I've been trying to figure out what the significance of this band's name could be. Is it a joke? (If so, like the classic old-school feminist, I just don't get it.) Is it a searing commentary on some element of contemporary culture? Don't ask me. What I can tell you about **The Feminists** is that they play songs that are often little multi-paced multi-parties epics (although sometimes thinly-produced) in an oft-anthemistic Britpop kind of tradition. There's a swirly organ and a male vocalist who reminds a person of **Oasis** or **Supergrass**, as well as classic-rock type moments and some very heartfelt harmonies, with an overall feeling that is both slightly dour and sour. grachus60@hotmail.com

MUGGS

ATMOSPHERIC AND DARK, 'DUST' IS A DOWN TEMPO ROCK MASTERPIECE
BY CYPRESS HILL'S LEGENDARY PRODUCER, MUGGS

IN STORES MARCH 11TH

D U S T

callan
cutter

Soul
S

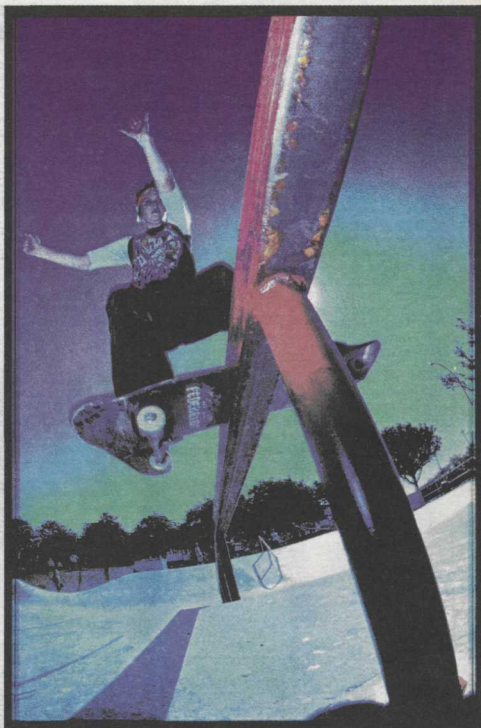
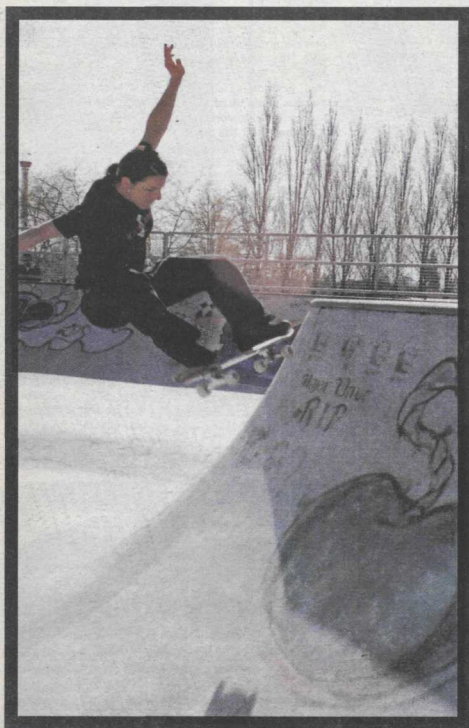
ANTI-

www.djmuggs.com

www.anti.com

state of the union

a Vancouver scene update



Char Hunter (left) ollieing over the hip. A kickflip to fakie from Dayna (right).
Photos by Ryan Hamilton.

PUSH FORWARD by Kathi Miller

It was in seventh grade when I can first remember riding down pavement with the slightest degree of incline, and the badass thrill I got from getting stopped short by a rock, sending me to an unexpected, near skull-shattering, body-slammng fall. A couple of years later the Ladner skatepark was built—the start of many parks emerging in suburban communities. Its all-night lights and late night sessions were more desirable learning grounds than the midday frenzy of 40 skaters, all ages, all sizes, frantically skating around each other and into each other. I'd just roll around the tranny, hanging out with friends 'til the coaxing of some of the guys convinced me to start trying tricks. Next thing I knew, it grew on me. A handful of other girls would skate Ladner, some of the first girls I ever saw on a skateboard. I was lucky enough to have a few girls in my town that were down for skating. I understand how it can be intimidating to be the only girl amongst a crowd of guys, but it's cool when you have friends to start skating with, it makes it easier. And there's a crew in every town. Even if you only have one friend to skate with, it's someone to learn from, and you never know who might see you and become inspired to try it themselves. I've had too many conversations with girls curious

to try, so where are you all? What's stopping you?

Most of my friends started skating with maybe one other person, and they soon began to see who else in their hood skated. Skaters are always checking out other parks or hunting for new spots. Meeting people over a common interest sparks new friendships everywhere you go. The couple of hundred people I've met through skateboarding, the friends I've made, and the endless good times I've had are life experiences I could never take for granted. Skateboarding becomes a lifestyle; whether you use it for transportation or skate hard every day, it becomes a daily routine. There are over 20 parks in the lower mainland, and let's say 40 locals at each park—that's nearly one thousand skateboarders, not including the ones who never frequent parks. I can name maybe 20 girls that skate. That's kibbles compared to the amount of guys. I know there's gotta be more girls out there, so where are you all? What's stopping you?

Out of the skateboarding community, a culture is being bred. Skateboarders with amazing and unique styles are gaining sponsors, filming videos and traveling the world. Local skate shops start supporting the youths. Youths begin to document their tricks and feats, in turn, capturing an art and creating their own. Vancouver is full of talented photographers and videographers, and some of the best times to see our skate community come together—showcasing

the skills of our peers—are at their art shows and video premieres. Anti-Social, a local skate shop/art gallery exhibits art in various mediums by local artists. Co-owner Michelle Pezel, skating at least since the early days of Ladner, has always wanted a shop, and with Anti-Social she gets to spread and support a skateboard culture to those who are smitten once bitten. Another tie that binds the skate community is *Concrete Powder* magazine, a free bimonthly magazine that focuses on Canada's skate/snowboard scene. Owned and operated by skateboarders since 1990, *Concrete Powder* has become Canada's source for the skate/snow culture. Articles and photographs of local riders are written and snapped by local skaters. It is perhaps the biggest supporter of skate culture, stirring inspiration in youth from West Coast to East Coast.

As skateboarders, we need to support each other. It is easy to get caught up in the hype when the media suddenly decides skateboarding is a cool, acceptable sport to be involved in. The problem is that the hype is followed by large corporations deciding to cash in on the latest sport trend. Corporate dominion over skateboarding is like government regulated grow-ops: they just don't give a fuck. They rape the essence of skateboarding, and oppress smaller, local, independent businesses trying to give something back. If you are getting into skateboarding and want to hook a board up, I



Char Hunter rocks a frontside ollie to fakie at the Crack Pipe. Photos by Kathi Miller.

Kathi Miller executes a fakie frontside 5-0 pivot stall, also at the Crack Pipe. Photos by Char Hunter.



suggest going to smaller, skater-owned shops. It makes a world of difference learning what's best for you and what the city has to offer by someone passionate and motivated by what they do. Vancouver and its surrounding suburbs have many independent businesses built around skateboarding. Some people have started clothing companies, board companies, wheel companies, etc. The skaters who founded distribution centers have the advantage of pushing product to shops. It is our local shops that invest in products that our friends and acquaintances provide. These businesses recognize quality over quantity, and, more importantly, preserve the skate culture by supporting their peers. For skateboarding to grow we need to stop looking at the world to invest in us—we need to start investing in ourselves.

As skateboarding is a very individual sport, the opportunities that befall us are unique to every individual, and the snakes in the bowl lead us all in different directions. Some of us enter contests and travel, being sponsored for a living. Some of us film, photograph, produce videos, write for magazines, or work for or own a skate company. Some stunt double for skate characters in feature films and TV shows. Some of us design parks or run indoor parks. Some of us just skate from A to B, some throw in the towel after their first dislocated shoulder and 13 bone-snapping ankle breaks, but all of

us share that unexplainable feeling that makes us do what we do. The average Joe looks at skateboarding and all he sees is us jumpin' around, being loud and God forbid, damaging property that he doesn't even own. He recognizes the freedom and fun skateboarding offers; he recognizes it because he felt it once, too. But conformity of the souls, the nine-to-five grind, just staying alive and not really living cultivates a bitter mind primed to criticize skate life. Don't let your work be your life, let your life show your work.

I love skateboarding. I know it's a sport that will take me as far as I push myself. Skateboarding has taught me discipline. It has taught me to trust myself, to push myself, to set goals and achieve them. I've played sports all my life and been dancing since the age of four, but nothing has brought me as much fun or allowed me to progress as much as skateboarding. It's the little obstacles I conquer, that badass thrill I felt in seventh grade, and still feel now, that keeps me riding. It's the years of friendships, and seeing the achievements my friends make that makes me love skateboarding. I thought I wouldn't be skating after high school—I thought I'd be a working woman, wearing the baddest, raciest suits with sexy heels, strutting into a court of law and defending criminals, but I haven't sacrificed any of my womanhood to skateboarding. I own tight, pink leather pants and stiletto boots and string bikinis, and when appropriate, I rock that

shit. You'll find me winning the Miss Hawaiian Tropic bikini contest at some point soon. But none of that conflicts with skateboarding. Skateboarding doesn't make me less of a woman; it makes me stronger.

The support I get from people is amazing. I feel blessed to live in such a beautiful, accessible city as Vancouver. If you're starting to skate, or have kids that want to start, please go to a local shop and support them. Parks such as Ladner, Port Moody, and Tsawassen all have smaller learning obstacles. The Griffin bowl in North Van is another mellow learning ground. That empty parking lot near your house or school is a perfect, big, empty space where you can start learning ollies and other tricks. Going early in the day to a park and avoiding the afternoon bustle is another way to catch some good rides. One of my favorite spots is the Crack Pipe at 136 Powell Street, just off of Main. Owner/operator Andy Hurcum has an 84' long miniramp that is skateable all day, every day. Andy is a huge supporter of Vancouver's skate culture, and especially of girls wanting to learn. It is free for all the ladies and a great place to see the rest of us (ladies and men), on a daily basis, grinding away.

Skateboarding is a growing, worldwide culture that's not based in one race, colour, or sex. I can't see how it wouldn't be part of my future. I only see it as one of the best things that ever happened to me. •

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panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias

HELLO. I am human and I love humans.

Do you think all of us are human?—I am from Afghanistan. I am here for one year. The DIMA [Australian Immigration] rejected me because of the current situation in Afghanistan—I like painting and making good landscapes by color. I like to be free in a good city of Australia and to make too many paintings—I am the saddest man in the world. Because I have lost all my family—I am looking everyday [at] suicides, hang themselves, cut themselves, even children, and take many tablets for calm and nervous, drink shampoo. Do you know who are responsible these acts? Is this human rights?—letters from detainees in Australian refugee prison-camps

FLEEING WAR

The problem with War, from the point-of-view of the Hawks, is that people don't want to hang around and get bombed and shot at, raped and tortured. People flee from War. Many refugees from the African continent and the Middle East try to make it to Australia, often in dangerous and leaky boats, facing not only diseases and drowning but the suspect actions of the Australian Navy.

IMPRISONED IN AUSTRALIA

"Australia," you ask, "what could possibly be wrong with Down Under?" Quite a bit, if you are a refugee or asylum seeker. "What?" you might think. "A country built by illegal immigrants?" Indeed, a country where everyone save the Indigenous Peoples are boat people has a Government that hates boat people (the Indigenous Peoples also suffer from systematic discrimination). Described as "hard-line" by Reuters, all immigrants to Australia are "detained"—i.e., imprisoned—in privately-run, barbed-wire "detention camps" (prisons) in the middle of the desert. Out of the way of the public, stripped of all rights, including right to counsel and basic human rights, refugees are kept in prison for 1-4 years before obtaining a hearing or being summarily shipped back home—which often means death.

Reports of beatings, strip-searches of women and children, and drugged water supplies are common, and Government monitoring of the camps, as well as press access, is kept to a bare minimum as the camps are completely private. (The video I saw of these

camps was astounding: it's like something out of Auschwitz. An entire private army).

The policy of detain-and-deport has drawn criticism from human rights groups, the Roman Catholic Church, and the United Nations. Attempts to give detainees clothes, blankets, and children's toys have resulted in confiscation or the items being sold to the detainees. Direct-action groups such as No One Is Illegal have staged several protests and "break-outs" of immigrants in an attempt to raise the subject before the public and to directly aid those imprisoned. The detainees themselves have coordinated cross-prison action, engaging in fasts, setting fires and, as a last resort, organising riots in an attempt to make their voices heard. For the Australian media, however, this is just one more reason to keep these "disease-ridden foreigners" locked up.

The Australian public voted in the Howard Government based upon the instalment of these very same policies (as well as policies against rights for Indigenous Peoples). Moreover, the Aussie Government will not be perturbed: "If anybody thinks they can alter our policy by setting fire to detention centres," says PM John Howard, "then they are wrong. That won't alter our policy one iota."

There are two truly frightening aspects of prison-detainment beside the brutal treatment of humans both physically and psychologically. The first is that it's profitable. Most prison-camps are owned by a handful of multinationals who encourage Governments to adopt the system.

The second horrible aspect is that the detain-and-deport system might be coming to a "democracy" near you. Apparently the Ontario Government has already shown interest in the model. Let there be no mistake: mandatory detention is blatantly racist, inhuman, and unbefitting of any government. The detainees are badly treated, separated from their families, and are killed for the length of their stay. So even if they do make it out—and aren't deported, killed, tortured, or commit suicide in the process—they face a bill of tens of thousands of dollars. As Aziz Choudry writes in *Lucky Country?* antimedia.net/desertstorm/, "We can see similarities between the demonization of detainees and the language used to justify the treatment of Indigenous Peoples (as well

as racist) responses to Asians in 19th Century Australia." At a recent talk in Montréal, Choudry described that this racism is not new: Australia has a long history of attempting to build a "White Fortress." Sound familiar?

"AIR CANADA"

In Canada we pride ourselves on our supposedly open immigration policies, but since 9-11 even these problematic policies have been undermined. While it is true that we have not managed to top Australia in obliterating refugee rights and setting up prison-camps, in our own understated Canadian Way we are hoping to win kudos in the "War on Etc" hype. Over the past few months, refugees in Canada have been quietly deported without hearings, notably non-status Algerians who have been here for over 4 years. Despite the fact that a civil war still rages in Algeria, the Canadian Government has seen fit to remove asylum status for Algerian refugees. In many cases, the refugees are asked to come in for a hearing, only to be forcefully loaded onto a plane with a one-way ticket. See www.tao.ca/~sans-statut/. Worldwide, see noborder.org/.

WAR.TIME: NET-ARTISTS

AGAINST WAR
<http://offline.area3.net/wartime/>. The OFFLINE digital arts association has assembled an international coalition of net-artists against the War. Utilising a world map, each net-art project is situated as a bomb-target, with more targets added daily. Spread the word.

TERRE THAEMITZ: LOVEBOMB
Gender-bending experimental electronic artist Thaemitz has released a timely album on *Mille Plateaux: Lovebomb*. In an extended booklet that accompanies the CD, Thaemitz argues that for every War—the War on Terror, Drugs, etc.—there is a correlative: the Love for Freedom, Purity, etc. This "Love" is as much a part of the general problematic of violence as "War." Thaemitz proceeds to deconstruct notions of "Love" by sonically altering revolutionary speeches from the Futurists to the ANC, from domestic violence sampled from COPS to piano-chords over machine-gun fire. Powerful, evocative, and intelligent, *Lovebomb* should be played at high volume in the heart of capitalism everywhere. •

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Describe your show:

Two hours of eclectic roots music.

Record played most often on your show?

Probably something by The Gourds.

Record you would save in a fire?

Already been through one—trust me, records were the last thing on my mind. Most of my records survived, only to disappear into hands of f—king looters.

Last record you bought?

Bjork's Greatest Hits.

First record you bought?

Don't remember exactly, but was most likely a K-Tel compilation.

Musician you would most like to marry?

Musicians? Marry?? Hello!

Favourite show on CTR?

Hate to pick just one, but I am a big Hans Kloss fan.

Strangest phone call received while on air?

A listener once called to ask for my assistance in unloading some extra Bumbershoot tickets. Not such a strange call, but when he delivered the tickets, he was kind enough to enclose a "finders fee" which was small and burnable. Sweet!

over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

THE CULTURE OF FEAR & WOMEN'S BODIES

Last month, DISORDER reprinted an e-mail about a rape and beating that happened after a show at Pat's Pub on Friday, January 17. What came to mind when I first received the email was: how many times have friends, male or female, rejected rides home in favour of walking after a show? Or how often do people find themselves alone at the end of a show, with no option other than to walk?

Prior to this attack, I doubt we'd given our personal safety much thought. I think that we're all aware of the culture of fear that the mainstream media works hard to maintain in order to sell newspapers or ad space, and many of us don't want to fall into the traps of mistrust and irrational dread of the unknown. For the most part—and I'm going to make a sweeping generalization here—our community is made up of individuals who believe in the general good of people. I admit that many of us hold elitist views on culture, but I think it's safe to say that we don't think that we're going to be attacked while walking home, mainly because it's not something we would consider doing ourselves.

In the months leading up to this particular attack, there were a number of rapes and murders of young and older Asian women. For some reason, though I'm in that targeted group, I wasn't too worried. I'm not sure why. It's possible that I chalked the attacks up as fodder to sell tabloids, and that though the events were very real to the people involved, I was somehow far removed because I had rationalized that the series of attacks were mediated events rather than my own reality.

Somehow, getting a fourth-hand email drove the issue home: though it's bullshit that women have to be afraid when alone on the streets at night, we have to take precautions for our own safety and for the safety of those in our community. We are not exempt from violence, and we must make sure that this doesn't happen again. That it happened once is terrible enough.

After the knee-jerk, "oh, it could have happened to someone I know or even to me" reaction, I got mad. What makes certain people think it's okay to attack and violate other people? Out here in the western world, we pride ourselves on this false idea of

equality and gender blindness. We circulate email petitions about the treatment of women in Afghanistan and toss off statistics on infanticide in China as if we're above it all. But as one young woman in a post-colonial English Literature class said one day: "In all the time I lived in India, I never once saw a place called Hooters."

Hot!" The book's saving grace is the sharp prose and thoughtful commentary that appears from section to section: Eaves is an excellent storyteller and understands the importance of pace, description, and character development.

The irony of the book is that though Eaves is trying to give the impression that she is



ELISABETH EAVES Bare (Knopf)

New York resident Elisabeth Eaves attended my junior high school back in the eighties and like many girls from that glorious suburban institution, ended up working as a stripper. She went on to attend grad school at Columbia University and wrote *Bare*, a memoir/academic text subtitled: "On Women, Dancing, Sex, and Power," which is meant to explore female sexuality, women's bodies, and the male gaze.

Bare is a voyeuristic book, taking us backstage at The Lust Lady (a Seattle peep show) and into the inner workings of Eaves, who lays out a history of her own sexuality. We get to hear about how her looks have influenced men and how she's been a sex object under the scrutiny of the male gaze since age fourteen. It's almost like an old episode of Jerry Springer: "Men Do Anything I Want Because I'm So

the kind of woman who isn't afraid of exploring sexuality and chides others for what she terms "prudish" attitudes towards sex and sexuality as commodity, prostitution crosses a moral line for her. For me, her inability to get past trading up sex for money invalidates much of her well written book. Why create a hierarchy within the sex trade? Why is stripping a holier-than-thou activity? If she's questioning why society divides women into madonna/whore categories and tends to create stereotypes about strippers and sex work, then why this squeamishness about prostitution and those who solicit such services? At the end of the day, a woman's body is not a battleground for public debate. What each individual chooses to do is her own business: a woman's body is hers alone. Violence begins when others think that they have dominion, physically or morally, over someone else's body.

SCREW YOU and your pointy shoes.



by Kevin Long



radio free press

zines, etc. by Bleek

strut and fret

performance/art by Penelope Mulligan

As I write this I believe the next war-to-end-all-wars will be underway by the time you read this. I hope I'm wrong. Not for Saddam's sake but for the sake of thousands of innocent civilians and young, impressionable troops. Plus there's the very real possibility of things spinning completely out of control and leading to war on many borders, for years to come.

Why do I mention this in Radio Free Press? Because recently there has been confirmation (after previous denials) that the Bush administration has been secretly planning to implement Patriot Act 2. If you remember, Patriot Act 1 provided the US government wide ranging power to snoop into secret records of citizens, bug phones and computers and, in one hotly debated story, force librarians to cough up the names and websites of the people using the public web service. That's the short of it. Of course this act shortly tore away at America's right to privacy and threatened

their ability to dissent.

Patriot Act 2 goes even further in instilling the fear that Osama could only wish for. Some of the effects of the revised act would include the negation of the US Miranda laws in which someone arrested must be read their rights, and the requirement of the courts to give permission to search a person's home. The new Act no longer goes after those who have expressed a desire to switch citizenship alone but will now apply to mere assumptions. The President will have the final say about what groups he finds to be of interest and they're also talking about "new death penalties." Allegiance will be "inferred from conduct." Legal activities in an organization considered un-American (Greenpeace? ACLU? Green Party? Non-Christian church?) could be grounds for expatriation. Is this all for real? Look it up.

The perfect time to push this thing through will likely be during the initial throes of all-out-war or soon after another terrorist attack. So far, the Democrats are asking

hard questions and hopefully they'll stand firm this time. If not, "watch what you say, watch what you do." And, of course, watch what you write. Do you do an anarchy zine? Expect a visit.

Government websites with information the administration doesn't want us to see (such as AIDS prevention via condoms or Reagan/Bush administration records) have been scrubbed or sealed completely. On the bright side, the opposition to these thugs is vibrant and active. Alternative radio, magazines and zines are motivated to fight like no one has seen since the Vietnam war.

So, hopefully this will all be relegated to left-wing alarmist history by the time you read this. I really hope so. People that have seen what's in the plans will tell these religious fascists where to stuff it and all this will be a non-issue. At least we know where their heads are at, right?

I'm relieved to have Canadian citizenship as of last September, and I just hope Canada remains Canada. •

MARIE BRASSARD- INFRAROUGE THEATRE Jimmy

Friday, January 17

Once in a while, a piece of theatre arrives that reminds you what the medium can and should be. Montreal actress Marie Brassard, who wrote, directed and performed *Jimmy* was at once so humble and brilliant that the membrane between an idea and its performance just melted away.

The title character, a gay hairdresser in a New York City barber shop circa 1950, is actually dreamt by a homophobic general about to ship out to Korea. Just before locking lips with a handsome soldier named Mitchell, he is suspended on the brink of ecstasy when the general suddenly dies. We meet Jimmy 50 years on when he's resurrected in the dream of an actress, who then drags him through the closets of her own subconscious.

The entire piece occupied a mere corner of the stage. Our eyes were glued to a small mirror on our extreme right, where Brassard, lighting designer Eric Faugue and set designer Simon Guilbault worked their magic. Through electronic processing, the voice of the fragile Jimmy was eerily resonant and deep—the play began in darkness with the sound of crying so rich that the tears gurgled (I later found out that Brassard had come down with a big juicy head cold before opening night).

Brassard's choice to make her protagonist a gay man ("forced" at one point to play the actress's deceased mother) crossed and recrossed gender lines so fluidly that, for me the play went far beyond the politics of gender and sexual orientation to become inclusively, gut-rippingly human. It also gently yanked my brain around the tricky genealogy of the dreamers, the dreamed and their memories.

Jimmy is a vessel for the dreams of others, yet possesses what seems to be an independent psyche. Acutely conscious of his own longings, as well as the precariousness of any scenario he finds himself in, he is vulnerable, frustrated in his desires and always waiting—like a cryogenically suspended corpse. In a way, he reminded me of the "ghosts" in Tarkovsky's *Solaris*, who know that they are someone else's psychological construct, but feel their own emotional pain nonetheless.

Brassard might have

dropped it into a world that was fabulously exotic and strange, but she spoke straight to the "dreamer" in all of us. Your heart ached for Jimmy, but also for that part of yourself that gets derailed every time the so-called real world changes channels. A big hug to **Rumble Productions** and **Touchstone Theatre**, whose PUSH International Performance Series brought this thing of beauty to town.

THE PLUGHOLE

When *Maldoror* screened here last fall, it was tragically underattended, but you get a second chance to visit with the German collective which co-produced it when *Filmgroup Chaos* lets fly with its latest collaboration, *FAITES VOS JEUX*. Raking through the cultural and political flossam from 1970 to the present, the group has narratively assembled and hand-tortured pirated images from archives in the private and public realms, then woven in a specially created soundtrack from various artists in Europe, Asia and the USA. When you consider what the last three decades have wrought in terms of Punk, New Wave, terrorism, globalisation and collapsing skyscrapers (einstürzende Neubauten, as it were), this could be a bracing new way to digest and metabolize the events against which we've careened toward our strangely improvised state of adulthood. See you at **The Blinding Light!** at 8pm on Friday or Saturday (March 21/22).

FLUSH IT DOWN THE BOG

I've nothing whatsoever against contests of athletic prowess, but the expensive and hyper-commercialized monster that the Olympic Games has become is—like the most invasive surgery—bound to have far-reaching effects on whatever host city it roars into. But this is an arts column, so why do I mention the Games? **Celebration 2010** is why. Financed Olympic Bid supporters from the public and corporate sectors and produced by the Executive Director of one of Vancouver's cultural centres, it's a sneaky exercise in cross-marketing in which no less than 115 cultural organizations including dance and theatre companies, galleries, musicians, choirs, colleges, community centres, societies, and festivals have either contributed tailor-made events or allowed a production from their existing season to be absorbed into a

three-week showcase of BC culture—in support of the Bid. The Celebration began in mid-February and ends on March 8, but its implications do not. According to the brochure, participation is a declaration of support—but can every one of these groups really be down with the Bid Corporation? Some of the names on the list are surprising and you have to wonder how they managed to convince themselves that it's all okay. Well, there's the extra publicity for a start, as well as an excellent chance of some lucrative participation in all the related cultural activity if Vancouver gets the Games. And how about those Brownie points to be cashed in when it's time to apply for or renew government grants. The Arts are cash-strapped and struggling—one could call this expediency, but when a city is put at such huge social and financial risk for an undertaking in which the wideboys will fatten their wallets, another word that comes to mind is *whoring*.

R.I.P. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

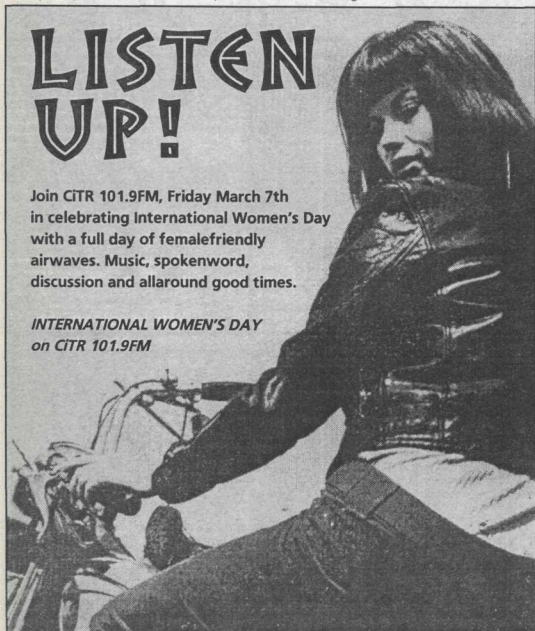
While out buying a packet of fags on Valentine's Day, I passed the **Church of Pointless Hysteria** and was stopped by all the signs plastered to the door. "Pointless Hysteria is GONE. This building is quarantined. Please go pray elsewhere," read one. Others, from the City Building Inspector, blared "NOT SAFE TO OCCUPY," while a letter from the Chief License Inspector threatened prosecution if an "after hours/dance party," scheduled for the night, were to go ahead. A call to the Church confirmed what you by now already know: the site has been shut down and future events cancelled (ironically, the aforementioned party which seems to have precipitated the City's lethal blow to the venue was a fundraiser for one of the anti-Olympics Groups).

Pointless Hysteria was the last holdout in a 100 Block which, for awhile, looked to be having an underground arts renaissance. Over the years, it has either produced or been host for some crucial soirées involving theatre, dance, performance art, installations, film, poetry readings, music, raves and indescribable combinations thereof. So let's take a moment to remember our favourites. Just before falling asleep tonight, try replaying them in your head. •

LISTEN UP!

Join CTR 101.9FM, Friday March 7th in celebrating International Women's Day with a full day of femalefriendly airwaves. Music, spokenword, discussion and allaround good times.

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY
on CTR 101.9FM



riff raff

by Bryce Dunn

My humblest apologies, dear reader, for the absence of *Riff Raff* last month—the output of those itty bitty things I like to call seven inches was slower than the amount of time it took me to think of a witty analogy for this situation (and I'm surely the only one laughing at this point)—so I'm relieved to tell you that my store runneth over with music this month. We roll out the red carpet first for a double whammy from **The Briefs**: two singles released for Euro-fans (but they still care about you) with the first containing two bouncy numbers—a cheeky tribute to **The Adverts** and **Gary Glitter** ("Looking Through Gary Glitter's Eyes"), and the desperate lives of Middle America ("Dead In The Suburbs")—set to a **Dickies-meets-The Jam** backbeat; the second is a split with **The Distraction** (a band we've mentioned in a previous outing). The mod-punks from Huntington Beach chime in with "My Way," a dance-floor bust-out that gives Ol' Blue Eyes a pair of black eyes, and **The Briefs** outdo themselves with perhaps my favourite tune of theirs to date, "Ain't It The Truth," that works on a couple of different levels, with its insanely catchy guitar hook and its socially relevant lyrics, this is a must buy before their next full-length drops in March.

(Screaming Apple Records, Dusterichstr. 14, 50939 Köln, Germany AND Radio Blast Recordings, Hildegardstr.13, 44809 Bochum, Germany).

A little to the south of Seattle we go next to Portland, Oregon where punk and pop (like Reese's Peanut Butter Cups) are two great tastes that go great together. On the outside is the punk racket of **The Triggers** on their three-song slab with "Gasoline" being a tight and punchy ode to the perils of partaking in petrol. "Dead End Road" has a bit of a garage feel and "Don't Talk To Me" is a snappy cover of an obscure L.A. outfit **The Eyes**. Live these cats are a blast to watch, particularly pint-sized singer Candy, who feeds off the spirit of Wendy O. and then spits it back out in your face, all the while shaking like a rag doll on Ritalin. On the inside the smooth and creamy pop of **The Exploding Hearts**, with hands down, The best song of the millennium, "(Making Teenage Faces)". An ode to what's really on the minds of

the kids too cool for school. I can't even begin to explain to you the greatness of this track, but if old skool power pop heavies like **The Beat** or **The Real Kids** ever got a chance to hear this, they'd poo their pants. "Your Shadow," the flip, is a fast rockin' affair,



and doesn't let up for a second; believe me, you need this. (Vinyl Warning Records, P.O. Box 2991, Portland, OR. USA 97208-2991.)

Two Canadian (more specifically, Torontonian) combos make the cut this time around and **White Cowbell Oklahoma** still has me a little confused as to why they have so many people in a group that really only needs maybe half to get the job done; like **Gwar** is to joke-metal, W.C.O. is to joke-classic rock—the two tracks here (**Black Mountain Top** (Whiskey Woman) b/w "San Antone") are wife-beater wack-offs that meld **Skynyrd**, **Nine Pound Hammer** and **Hank Williams** into a hellish creation that I'm sure live is a sight to see, but on record takes a little more whiskey to enjoy. (Slick Monkey Records, no address given, but go to www.whitecowbell.com for

more info). It doesn't take a lot of the hard stuff to enjoy **The Tijana Bibles**, just a sexy feline dancer, Gorilla Loco, and some swingin' surf-style pounders just like the songs found on **Fiesta!** Siesta, the latest party platter from the masters of rock 'n' rasslin'. "Not Here To Fight" starts off with some good-natured ribbing between The Crippler and Super Destroyer, then gives way to good times, not bad, then blasts off with the aid of a "Jet Pack" and some spooky organ courtesy of Felina Negra. Flip over this pancake and you've got "Sleep Mask," a hypnotic twist to that ol' traditional instro-classic "Harlem Nocturne" and like the signature move of The Blue Demon, out go the lights. (Trophy Records, no address given, go to www.tijuanabibles.com for more info).

Ending things this month will be Detroit's favourite sons, **The Dirtbombs**, and their homage to two of Australia's unsung heroes, garage punk unknowns **The Elois** and disco-pop denizens **The Bee Gees**. On a recent tour of the Land Down Under, the boys snuck into the studio to bash out these two numbers and say thanks to all their Aussie fans with their patented dual-drummer attack and Mick Collins' silky vocal treatment particularly on the aforementioned **Gibb Brothers** tune, "I Started A Joke," "By My Side," The Elois number, is a rough and tumble take on a slice of sixties garage brilliance and they pull it off nicely. (Zerox records, no address given).



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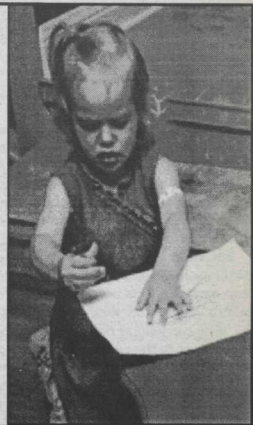


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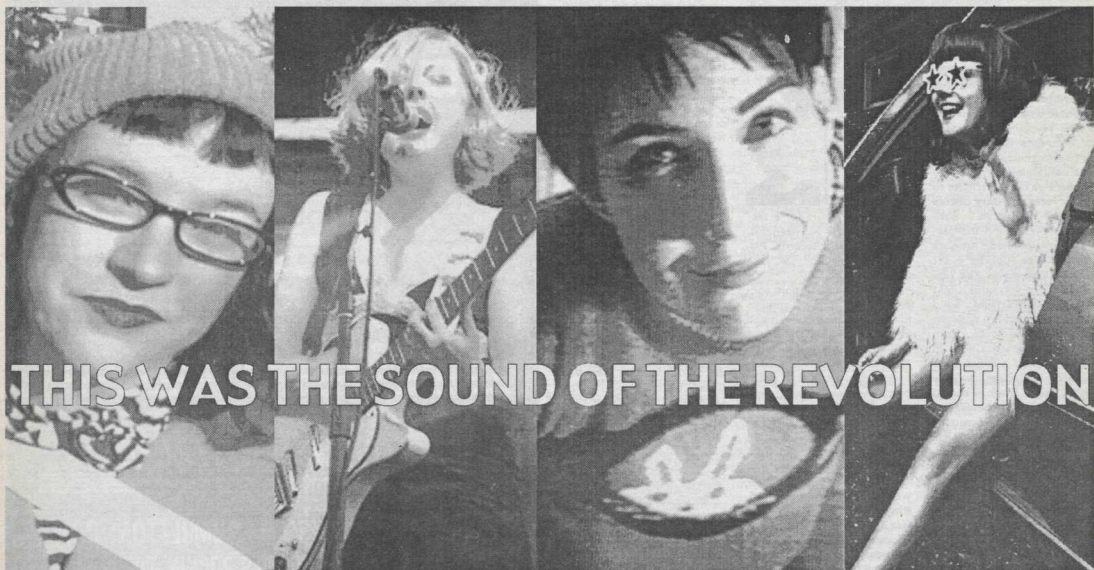


“

AFTER THE RIOT

Susy Webb explores the origins and lasting effects of the Riot Grrrl movement.

”



THIS WAS THE SOUND OF THE REVOLUTION

LADIES, WOMEN AND GIRLS: Activists and musicians from the golden age of Riot Grrrl. From left to right: Trish Kelly (writer, spoken-word performer), Corin Tucker (Heavens To Betsy, Sleater-Kinney), Kathleen Hanna (Bikini Kill, Le Tigre), Allison Wolfe (Bratmobile)

BECAUSE us girls crave records and books and fanzines that speak to US that WE feel included in and can understand in our own ways.

BECAUSE we wanna make it easier for girls to see/hear each other's work so that we can share strategies and criticize/applaud each other.

BECAUSE we must take over the means of production in order to create our own meanings.

BECAUSE viewing our work as being connected to our girlfriends/politics/real lives is essential if we are gonna figure out how what we are doing impacts, reflects, perpetuates, or DISRUPTS the status quo.

BECAUSE we recognize fantasies of Instant Macho Gun Revolution as impractical lies meant to keep us simply dreaming instead of becoming our dreams AND THUS seek to create revolution in our own lives every single day by envisioning and creating alternatives to the bullshit Christian capitalist way of doing things.

BECAUSE we want and need to encourage and be encouraged in the face of all our own insecurities, in

the face of beergutboyrock that tells us we can't play our instruments, in the face of "authorities" who say our bands/zines/etc are the worst in the US and

BECAUSE we don't wanna assimilate to someone else's (boy) standards of what is or isn't.

BECAUSE we are unwilling to falter under claims that we are reactionary "reverse sexists" AND NOT THE TRUEPUNKROCKSOULCRUSADERS THAT WE KNOW we really are.

BECAUSE we know that life is much more than physical survival and are patently aware that the punk rock "you can do anything" idea is crucial to the coming angry grrrl rock revolution which seeks to save the psychic and cultural lives of girls and women everywhere, according to their own terms, not ours.

BECAUSE we are interested in creating non-hierarchical ways of being AND making music, friends, and scenes based on communication + understanding, instead of competition + good/bad categorizations.

BECAUSE doing/reading/seeing/hearing cool things that validate and challenge us can help us

gain the strength and sense of community that we need in order to figure out how bullshit like racism, able-bodyism, ageism, speciesism, classism, thinism, sexism, anti-semitism and heterosexism figures in our own lives.

BECAUSE we see fostering and supporting girl scenes and girl artists of all kinds as integral to this process.

BECAUSE we hate capitalism in all its forms and see our main goal as sharing information and staying alive, instead of making profits off being cool according to traditional standards.

BECAUSE we are angry at a society that tells us Girl=Dumb, Girl=Bad, Girl=Weak.

BECAUSE we are unwilling to let our real and valid anger be diffused and/or turned against us via the internalization of sexism as witnessed in girl/girl jealousy and self defeating girlytype behaviors.

BECAUSE I believe with my wholeheartmindbody that girls constitute a revolutionary soul force that can, and will change the world for real.

—Riot Grrrl Manifesto, Kathleen Hanna

Lipstick-smearing, baby-doll-dress-wearing, man-hating, guitar-playing dykes who didn't wear panties. In 1992, this was what the mainstream press told the public that Riot Grrrls were. Big-name publications like *Newsweek*, *USA Today*, and *Spin* latched onto the fledgling hybrid of punk rock and feminism, tipped off by a story in the consistently relevant and powerful *Sassy*. Not surprisingly, Riot Grrrl was harshly criticized; called immature, unreasonably antagonistic and artistically bankrupt, but despite mainstream backlash, the Olympia/Washington DC-based movement flourished, with chapters popping up all over the US and Canada, including one in Vancouver. While most of the original bands had broken up by the mid-'90s, Riot Grrrl left in its wake an artistic and political legacy. Current publications such as *Bust* and *Bitch* proudly disseminate third-wave feminist ideals directly; the world of zines has been inculcatedly changed, and the term itself has proven its staying power with art, music and cultural critics. Among those directly involved with the movement, Kathleen Hanna, author of *The Riot Grrrl Manifesto* and frontwoman of the quintessential Riot Grrrl band Bikini Kill, now fronts feminist-electro-rock band Le Tigre; Bratmobile have reformed and released two albums of new material; Sleater-Kinney's critical and public appeal keeps increasing, and artier acts like Tracy + the Plastics have remoulded dance/art music through Electroclash. Perhaps the most direct inheritors of the Grrrl tradition are queer-oriented punk/rock bands like The Butchies, The Haggard, and Vancouver's own Stunts and Skinjobs. While the original Riot Grrrl movement may be over, its ideas are far from gone.

WHERE RIOT?

It all began in 1991, when the term was coined by Tobl Vail (Bikini Kill) and Jen Smith (now of The Quals). In Olympia, Vail had begun spelling "girl" as "grrrl" in her zines and on flyers, representing an angry, defiant brand of feminism: girls who bit back. Smith, living in Washington, DC at the time, took part in the Mount Pleasant riots. Violence erupted when the Latino community, having been pushed to the breaking point by police harassment, finally exploded after police shot a man on Cinco de Mayo. Over the phone from San Francisco, where the band are currently recording, Bratmobile vocalist Allison Wolfe told me that Smith, along with the rest of the punk community in DC, was empowered by the riots: "There were a lot of punk rock kids living close to that area, because it was affordable, and they joined right in, they were running around burning things and stuff. Jen was telling us all about it, and she was like, 'Man, everybody needs to riot, we need a girl riot too!' That summer we decided to start putting out zines for all the girls hanging out in DC, and we had to come up with a name for the press. We decided to call it Riot Grrrl."

While the movement took off all over North America, it was Pacific-Northwest oriented. Olympia-based Kill Rock Stars' first acts were famous Riot Grrrl groups Bikini Kill, Witchypoo, and the UK-based Huggy Bear, and Calvin Johnson's K records, always a girl-friendly label, supported Riot Grrrl before it was known as such. The opening event of K's 1991 International Pop Underground Convention was "Love Rock Revolution Girl Style Now." The women-only bill featured Bratmobile (their first non-house-party show), Heavens to Betsy (featuring a pre-Sleater-Kinney Corin Tucker) and Jen Smith's Mecca Normal. While the Vancouver duo was never explicitly a Riot Grrrl band, Jen Smith has brought feminism onstage at every available opportunity since the duo's 1985 inception. On the Kill Rock Stars website, Jen writes that "I was not a Riot Grrrl, but Mecca Normal was frequently cited as an influence by some Riot Grrrls. At the time (pre-Riot Grrrl) I was talking a lot between songs, and in interviews, encouraging women to play music, to use music and art as a way to express social concerns. The connection between Mecca Normal and Riot Grrrl was very literal."

WHY RIOT?

As second-wave feminism grew out of women's anger at being relegated to typing and coffee-making duties during Vietnam-era peace activism, Riot Grrrl grew out of disillusionment with sexist punk culture. While early punk rock had been very progressive, by the early nineties the scene had calcified. Long-time Vancouver punk rocker Kim Kinikin (The Skinjobs, Sparkmarker) described this gradual transformation: "As punk became more mainstream throughout the '80s, it attracted people who weren't misfits, who liked the music, liked the moshing, and especially liked the aggressiveness. In the '90s, when grunge became cool, there arose a split between what the sound of the music called punk was, and what the ethics of the mindset called punk was. Issues of sexuality were completely lost. It became very boy-centric—essentially a boys' club about big guys moshing, and being very unfriendly to women. This elicited many reactions from women

in the scene, one of which was Riot Grrrl."

The concert-going experience was especially disquieting, with harassment of girl fans and musicians the norm rather than the exception. Activist Alison Pantytwist was instrumental in forming Riot Grrrl Victoria in 1992. Deeply involved in the local punk scene, she and her friends "kept running up against the same sort of male-centric bullshit; boys being really disrespectful of girls, while at the same time being very political with their music and views." Wolfe experienced much of the same in the American Pacific Northwest, where girl and boy grunge bands intermingled constantly. "We would go to all these shows, with The Melvins, Nirvana, Seven Year Bitch, whatever. But it was really like boys gone wild, just another excuse for guys to get really gnarly and gross and aggressive and push people around. And I wondered why every trend catered to middle-class straight white boys, who were completely macho." The Gulf War was starting to pick up speed, and many punk boys, afraid of being drafted, adopted more radical political views. However, domestic violence, sexual assault, negative body image and other (usually) girl-specific issues were not on the agenda. Many women were alienated by the hypocrisy of this misguided left-wing politics, which championed anti-capitalist agendas while ignoring gender inequality.

THIRD WAVE'S THE CHARM

Riot Grrrls set out to change that. While assuming the DIY attitude and anti-establishment ideals of punk-rock culture, Riot Grrrl dug deeper, examining sexism, racism, and heterosexism both in the mainstream and within punk girl culture itself. In doing so, it went hand in hand with third wave feminism. Trish Kelly, a Vancouver writer, zine editor and spoken-word artist who started the Vancouver Riot Grrrl Press, told me that, "One of the great things about third wave feminism was that we worked so hard to implement it in our lives. It wasn't like old school feminism, where the deal was 'I'm a woman, and therefore I deserve these rights.' Instead, it was examining ourselves and where our privileges were."

The third-wave feminism addressed the failing that led the second-wave women's movement to founder in the late seventies: the belief that all women share a deep-seated commonality, a "sisterhood," which required them to fight for a common agenda. During the seventies, feminist organizations were largely dominated by college-educated, middle-class white women. Not surprisingly, the agenda set was one that benefited them, focusing on issues of white-collar labour and heterosexual sexuality. Class, racial and queer issues were pushed aside, and connections between northern hemisphere (white) and southern hemisphere (non-white) feminists were tenuous at best. These tensions, combined with a virulent media backlash, led the movement to fracture in the early eighties. Many larger organizations split up, and women splintered into smaller-scale activist groups.

The third-wave feminism embodied in Riot Grrrl art, music and publications confronted these issues head on. The *Nerdy Grrrl Revolution* is one of Nomy Lamm's earliest zines, co-written with her friend Val. The self-described "badass, fatass, jew dyke amputee, performance artist, writer and activist" is one of the best-known early Olympia Riot Grrrl zinesters, and continues to play music, write and perform around North America (she visited both Vancouver and Victoria in January as part of Rock for Choice). *Nerdy Grrrl* epitomizes the impassioned, self-reflexive style of Riot Grrrl zines. In issue #2, Lamm and Val discuss their different social privileges (class background, sexual orientation, body types, etc.) and how they affect both their friendship and the way they interact with the world at large. They also offer up severe criticisms of punk-rock culture. Writing about an experience with Food not Bombs, Val is unimpressed by the attitude of the punk kids she encounters. "The poor things are just too punk for this American work force.... You know, employers are very discriminating against mohawks, piercings, tattoos and dirty hair. Read here: the punks need to look this way and desire to look this way because that's their privilege. They can ask people on the streets for change, get free food from a volunteer-run program that could be going into the stomach of an underprivileged person who cannot get a job, or has children's mouths to feed, or has a real real real REALFUCKINGNEED for this food." The issue includes the transcription of a two hour conversation between Lamm and Val about their different class backgrounds, Lamm's "Poem about [a]n Abusive Boy I Loved," and the "Top Ten Ways to Prove you're a 'Good' Boy."

#4: "Be sure to always warn girls about the 'bad sexist' men. That way we know you're not one of them." #3: "Never tell a girl you've ever done anything sexist. If you don't say it, no one will ever know." #1: "DIE."

Nerdy Grrrl's layout is striking, the issues engaging, and the writing alternating between scathing polemic and touching emotional vulnerability. The best Riot Grrrl zines were tiny masterpieces of introspection and social critique, self-published, ad-free and entirely removed from mainstream means of production. Their progressive power is not diminished by time. However, Riot Grrrl did not reach all the women it sought to. Despite its best intentions, the movement remained largely white and middle-class. Sue P. Fox, Olympia spoken-word artist and musician (Reflect White, Witchypoo) told the *Experience Music Project* in 1999 that "A lot of Riot Grrrl stuff was directed at upper or middle-class white girls. I had to think about it a lot, because I'm very, very lower class. I didn't have a college education... and a lot of the people who started Riot Grrrl were very articulate and could write in this way that I didn't understand." The voices of girls of colour were also largely absent. While white Riot Grrrls wrote at length about their own internalized racism, girls of colour were largely silent.

But not Mimi Nguyen. The *Punk Planet* columnist, zine editor and academic is outspoken on the subjects of race, punk rock and Riot Grrrl. In her on-line zine *slender* (originally *slant*), a 1997 entry documents how fellow Riot Grrrl discussion group members considered her disruptive:

I cruise the riot grrrl folder on AOL where I've been accused of "focusing too much on race" and otherwise disrupting the "race-neutral" (ha ha) feminist illusions of many of the board's participants. It's slightly amusing, if also most definitely disturbing: I mean, as resident racial agitator, I'm cast in the role of an "outsider" rocking the boat. Past discussions of race issues have been cut short as girls & women bemoaned the "fighting" as bad for grrrl unity, meaning, racial difference is bad for grrrl unity.

The argument sounds all too familiar. While the other (presumably white) women in the discussion group wanted to "transcend" race, Nguyen sees that current social realities make this impossible. While she is still enthusiastic about Riot Grrrl (the name of her website, www.worsesthanqueer.com, is taken from the Bikini Kill song "Suck My Left One"), she is understandably very critical. The reasons why fewer girls of colour participated in Riot Grrrl remain largely unexplored. Doubtless, a certain amount of social privilege, and the resulting education, leisure time, and material resources were very conducive to starting a band or editing a zine. While many girls did so with few advantages, it was easier for some than for others. The question of how to subvert these realities, making artistic and political movements equally accessible to all, is one that will not be answered anytime soon.

GRRL ON GRRL

Although Riot Grrrl may have been a white-dominated movement, it was certainly not a straight-dominated one. In this area of inclusivity, the third wave triumphed over the second. While queer women were active second-wave feminists, they often had to act outside of the "mainstream" women's movement. Not so in Riot Grrrl. Through zines, music and activism, Riot Grrrl created a safe space to explore the possibilities of love and sex beyond heteronormative boundaries. Bikini Kill sums it up in their anthem "Rebel Girl": "In her kiss / I taste the revolution." According to Trish Kelly, "Riot Grrrl was great in helping us own our sexuality. It was really amazing; to be a girl having grown up taught not to express my sexuality, and then to find a group that encouraged me to express myself.... The idea of not just having solidarity with other women, but also being able to make out with them was really exciting." Non-normative sexuality was praised and encouraged, and in Vancouver in particular, transgender issues garnered a lot of attention, due to the presence of a well-funded gender clinic. As Riot Grrrl wound down during the mid-'90s, many queer punk bands rushed to fill the gap. While smaller, mixed-gender queer punk scenes had risen and flourished around North America during the '80s, the sheer number of girls attracted by Riot Grrrl created a space for more listeners and participants in the queercore scene.

This scene was especially lively in Olympia and San Francisco. According to Kelly, "In the Pacific Northwest, Team Dresch came out, along with a bunch of other bands that were girl-queer identified. As Riot Grrrl faded, that became the big movement that was happening." In the early and mid '90s, a number of openly gay rock and punk bands seemed to burst out of nowhere, such as Pansy Division, Triball, Team Dresch, and Cunts With Attitude (CWA). This movement built on both Riot Grrrl and '80s homocore scenes. Wolfe says: "There was a great emerging

queer scene, at the crossroads of queer politics and punk rock, which took place mostly on the West Coast, where there were large lesbian communities, and where things were more liberal than the East Coast. It was going on throughout Riot Grrrl, but was more recognized when Riot Grrrl died down."

GRRRLS AGAINST BOYS

However, not all Riot Grrrls were queer. Kathleen Hanna's zine, *My Life with Evan Dando*, Popstar sums up the struggles of the straight Riot Grrrl. She writes about how she transposed her heterosexual desires onto an unattainable pretty boy due to frustration with the genuine article: "I fell in love with Evan Dando because I can't deal with real boys hardly at all and yet am wildly attracted to their flat chests and straight hips (sometimes)." How to reconcile romantic and sexual desire for men with a feminist consciousness and a patriarchal society is a struggle as old as time. The lesbian separatists of the '70s attempted to solve this problem by advocating complete separation from males, believing that even presumably straight women would come around in time. While their visions of a single-sex society were clearly flawed, they sprung from well-founded fears. Feminists who engage in relationships with men (and those men who engage in relationships with feminists) be they sexual or no, are doubtless familiar with the tortured situations that can arise when the personal and the political collide.

Such a situation arose with Vancouver's own Riot Grrrl Press in 1996. Riot Grrrl presses and chapters were restricted to women, out of a desire to create safe emotional and physical spaces for girls. However, it was not always that simple. Vancouver's Press was run by Kelly and her female housemates, who themselves all edited zines. Kim Kinekin, also a zinester, shared their East Vancouver home. Although he was a close friend of the girls, he was excluded from the Press. Kinekin told me that "It was one of those times where we watched the politics become personal. I was capable of saying, 'OK, I can see that's where you're at, and that's what you need to do.' At the same time, I saw it as sad. Even though I was a close friend, and lived in the same house, and was doing a zine too, since I was a boy I wasn't welcome. I thought, how is this not reverse sexism? Aren't my issues relevant? For me, growing up in the punk rock community where I would never exclude anybody, that felt really wrong. I wasn't being excluded because I'd done something

aggressive or stupid. No, it was like, 'Kim, we love you, but Riot Grrrl is all about girls, and you're not a girl, so... Sorry!'"

Riot Grrrl began as a reaction to bad male behaviour, and Bikini Kill had good reasons for calling "Girls up front!" at their shows. Today, women-only spaces and organizations continue to be valued tools of feminist activism. However, the exclusion of men, many of whom would be genuine assets to feminist struggle, continues to be a contentious topic. Perhaps Riot Grrrl should have eventually expanded to include male allies, and in some ways it did so—musically, it morphed into the more mixed-gender queercore scene.

THE END?

In the opinion of "indie-rock dyke band," and recent Shindig finalists the Stunts, Riot Grrrl never really ended. The group's spate, charged sound is a combination of solid, disco-funk bass, squealing guitar, metronomic drumming, and sassy call-and-response vocals. In a teleconferenced call, Jax (guitar, vocals) and Dayna (bass, vocals) told me about their soon-to-be-released record (recently recorded by Jesse of Operation Makeout) and shared their thoughts on Riot Grrrl with me:

Dayna: Riot Grrrl was really important, it opened the way for women in rock, and we felt really excited to be a part of that.

Jax: I see it as a way for young women to discover feminism; a cultural manifestation. I was 19 years old in 1991, and I was like, "Kathleen Hanna, where have you been all my life?" She's still around, playing in Le Tigre and being very feminist, so I don't think Riot Grrrl died. What happened to Riot Grrrl was the same thing that happened to third-wave feminism. It was undermined, attacked, and has moved on.

These women see their group's music as directly Riot Grrrl-inspired: the tape that Jax gave the other band members when they started playing together included Bikini Kill, the Lunachicks, Joan Jett and Bratmobile. While their own project is "intentionally a political band," they believe that Riot Grrrl opened the rock scene for a large spectrum of women in music. As Dayna said,

"There are a lot of newer bands that aren't as overtly feminist. Their lyrics may not be feminist, and they may not identify as feminist, but they still came out of that movement, and they still provide inspiration for women in rock music."

In this she echoes the sentiments of Bratmobile's Wolfe, who closed our discussion by saying "Women in music keep laying the groundwork over the years, creating a layer for the next generation of women to stand on. Today it's a little bit more arty. I think of bands like Erase Errata, who are great, and Sleater-Kinney, and a lot of bands who feel like, 'Well, now we can just feel free to create music and be artistic in the ways we want to be. Maybe not have it be overtly politicized. But for me, that's not my tactic, maybe because I'm not that musically skilled. [laughs]"

Today, Vancouver is home to a superb variety of girl-driven groups, who showcase a full spectrum of political content. Indie-rock queens The Organ, and The Stunts call Terminal City home, as do boy/girl combos like Operation Makeout and The Cinch. Vancouver also boasts a dynamic queer/dyke-driven scene including Che: Chapter 127, transman country stud Rae Spoon, and Sarah Wheeler, not to mention the mixed-gender Skinjobs, whose new Agitprop release, "Burn Your Rainbow," is poised for international recognition. While these artists draw from a diverse set of influences, it's doubtful that any of them came to musical maturity untouched by Riot Grrrl.

Nonetheless, an empirical tally of those active in Vancouver's underground music scene shows a definite gender imbalance in favour of boys, reflecting our persistently sexist culture. In 1991, the same year that Riot Grrrl came together, George Bush Sr. mobilized troops in the Persian Gulf. Twelve years later, watching the headlines advance day by day towards another US-led war against Iraq, it seems that little has changed. But perhaps George W. will really do it this time, the system of interlocking alliances will click into place, plunging us into global warfare, and this rotten civilization will be levelled. The slate will be wiped clean, and from the ashes a few will rise to build the egalitarian society feminists and other progressive activists have worked so passionately towards... Maybe. In the meantime, there's a lot of great music to listen to. *

Special thanks to Trish Kelly for lending her invaluable collection of vintage Riot Grrrl zines.

YOU KNOW THERE'S NOT ONE WAY, ONE LIGHT, ONE STUPID TRUTH

Voices From the Pages of Riot Grrrl Zines

"I am 2 out of 5. 4 out of 7. 9 out of every 10 wommin. I am the statistic that you pull out of the air when you can't think of anything better to do. I am that same number but warped and manipulated by the media to prove whatever empty point is being made now."

when newswreck said that only 1 in 1000 wommin is raped, that was me. I'm 1000. I'm a million, baby.

I contradict myself daily, everyday, your words make me feel a little less valid than before. I reclaim the art of violence over silence (for the sake of survival) EVERYDAY."

—Ingrid, *reinventing the real*

"in the dream we're all alone (in a crowded room) and I'm wide awake

(but, remember, I'm sleeping)

you're so beautiful (inside and out)

and we're telling each other about our secret fantasies (remember this is a fantasy)

then I tell you my dream's about you (it's a bit hard to confess)

you just smile and say 'i

know'

(I love your smile)

and then we kiss

(soft and shy, but beautiful)

like two girls who just realized

(in that moment of dream

clarity)

that we been in love

(for such a long time)

and we never noticed before

(it's hard to tell sometimes)

and so we promise each other

(I promise...)

to be together forever

(cue forever exists in dreams)

and I flung my arms around you

(I was so happy)

and then I woke up

(alone and in the dark)

I forgot happy dreams

(make reality so depressing)

good night dream girl

(good night)"

—Pamish Kitty, *KITTY GIRL #2*

"I wrote a poem in high

school, it was all about how I

wanted to die and darkness

was all around me.

it was a beautiful poem

cause it hid everything that

was real about me. I didn't say

that I got hit all the time and

I got weird memories about

getting raped when I was little

or how the principal really had

it in for me that year.

yeah, in fact I got suspended for forging a signature and I didn't even do it, but he didn't care cause he knew I was a juvenile delinquent anyways.

my best friend used to write me love letters every day in school so I wouldn't commit suicide.

and when I would come in with bruises all over all over my face she knew who did it and she would hold me and rock me.

she never stopped speaking to me when I was always fucked up and when I quit she was there too."

—Billie Strain, *cross my heart (hope to die)*

"Feeling so spectated myself, I get pleasure from looking at this bare chested boychild. Writing creepy letters to Evan helps me understand why men go to strippers. This understanding is crucial to my reality."

—Kathleen Hanna, *My Life with Evan Dando/Popstar*

I WANT TO TALK ABOUT APOLOGIZING.

It took me fifteen years to

perfect the words "I'm sorry" and it'll probably take me another fifteen to forget them.

I AM NOT sorry you don't like the way I look.

I AM NOT sorry that I look sad/angry/anyway other than happy today.

I AM NOT sorry if my existence makes you uncomfortable.

I AM NOT sorry that I disagree with you.

I AM NOT sorry that you don't approve of me.

I don't owe you anything—not even an apology.

I want to know why I grew up believing that I have to be sorry for everything I feel.

—Heather, *HANDS OFF XXXX*

"I know you will find some good in this pain you are going through, because that is what you do, you are a survivor. You are Super Girl who never gets a secret identity. You are the girl who shines like a saint and everybody knows it, even mommy. You are traveller girl who circles the globe, keeping her friends in suspense. Where will you show up next? I always hope it will be my doorstep."

—Trish, *MOC #3*



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CAUSING A RIOT

IKARA COLT REVEAL THEIR TROUBLEMAKING WAYS

Interview by Merek Cooper



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I think I saw a picture at a friend's house first. No, a postcard. Black and white, overexposed, split into four windows. From each of these windows four faces stared back and across the bottom it read: "Ikara Colt"—a brand new band and they looked cool-as-fuck. Noting my interest, my friend slipped their debut single, "Sink Venice," into his stereo for me to hear. Just bass and drums at first, both off like a rocket as if racing each other to some imaginary finish line. Then guitars and vocals came tumbling through the mix. "Sink Venice, sink, sink, Venice," sang two voices as guitar detonated all around. I was hooked. Ikara Colt—hard, fast, and like nothing else I was listening to at the time; the best band in Britain, hands down.

Since then, they've released three more EPs and a debut album, *Chat and Business*, to a salivating British music press, signed to Epitaph and caused a stir at New York's CMJ showcase. They embark on their first North American tour this month, which, luckily for us, stops in Vancouver. I spoke to guitarist Claire Ingram about musical enthusiasm, Japanese missiles, and the legacy of Riot Grrrl.

How did you meet?

Claire Ingram: We all met at art school—that well-trodden route of going to art school and then forming a band.

I found this quote on the internet: "Ikara Colt's name is supposedly a fictional race horse, this is because they believe bands should shoot themselves after five years." How did you really get your name? This is not true is it?

No, no. Well, what happened—the honest, honest truth—is that we had a gig so we had to get a name together really quickly. So we all went round someone's house, got all these books out and just picked two random names that sounded good together. It was from two entirely different books. We wanted something a bit sharp, you know, slightly aggressive but not too aggressive. Then in interviews we just kept making up these different stories to amuse ourselves. Now we're really bored of lying so we just tell the truth.

I heard it was the name of two guns.

Well, yeah, I think it was.... Oh yeah, Jon [Ball, bass] had a book on missiles.

A book on missiles?

Yeah, he's not a violent person. [laughs] So maybe you shouldn't print that. It was just a random book on missiles, and we found this Japanese missile.

What about the "all-bands-should-shoot-themselves-after-five-years" quote?

Oh yeah, well Paul [Resende, vocals] said that in an interview once, and now everyone always brings it up. Actually, I do agree with him to a certain extent. I think there's so many bands that just lose something—you start off and you're so excited, but then it's very easy to lose direction and to forget what you started the band for in the first place. Obviously, there are exceptions like, say, Sonic Youth. But you can't just say: "Right, you've got five years and then

everyone gets shot." It's quite an extreme thing to say, but then I don't think he said it knowing it would come back to haunt him so much.

It all happened rather quickly for you guys, right? British DJ Steve Lamacq came to your fourth gig and then you got a record contract.

Yeah, it was really lucky. We were playing the Dublin Castle in London, and Steve Lamacq was meant to be seeing another band down the road at another venue. Then that band cancelled and he just walked back to the Dublin Castle on the off chance. He only caught the last few songs but he spoke to us afterwards and told us to send him a demo. Really, it's all down to him—he got in touch with the guy who runs our record label [Fantastic Plastic] and said, "I think you'll like this band." After that, it all fell into place quite nicely.

Every time I read a review of Ikara Colt, two bands are always mentioned: Sonic Youth and The Fall. How do you feel about this?

Are these bands an influence? Well, I like both those bands—I think we all like both those bands—but I know that when we started this band we never knew what we were going to sound like, or we never aimed to sound like anyone. That's really pointless—you're just going to be a really bad version of that band.

So the comparisons don't piss you off?

No. It's obviously pretty good to get compared to bands that are so influential. I mean, if they were comparing us to bands that we really didn't like, then I think there would be a problem. I don't mind being compared to bands that are really good.

Your single, "Sink Venice" is a borrowed motto of the Italian Futurists. "Futurism emphasised the power, force, and motion of machinery combined with the contemporary fascination with speed while at the same time denouncing the 'static art' of the past and the old-fashioned establishment." Does this description fit Ikara Colt?

Well, yeah. I mean, Paul writes the lyrics, but the whole vibe of the song is anti-nostalgia. Like, come on—move forward.

What happened at the Reading Festival this year?

Oh well, they said that we caused a riot, but it wasn't like that, and the organizers were really nice to us afterwards. They were like: "Oh well, it was just a misunderstanding." But it was kind of our fault. I think we were all just a bit over-excited, and encouraged everyone to come on stage, so pretty much everyone did [laughs] We didn't manage to finish the set and it got pretty chaotic. Although it was quite fun seeing everyone jumping around on stage, but I don't think that the security liked it very much, and they wouldn't let us play the next day. It was really horrible, like being told off at school. I guess they had a point; it was our fault, but we're nice people and we didn't mean to cause any problems.

You got banned from the British album chart because you apparently were bribing consumers with free stickers. Do you feel guilty for using such underhanded techniques?

Yeah, our record got banned because there are stickers in it, and it was deemed an unfair promotion. You get a boy band like *N SYNC giving away a free poster, and they can get away with it. But they're on a major label, and they've got big bucks behind them and everything. But they were having none of it with us, even though it was part of the artwork and it didn't say anything on the packaging about it. We weren't bothered by it—I mean I don't think we would've got to number one. [laughs]

We're currently doing our annual Women's Issue at DISORDER, and obviously you're a woman. How does it feel being a woman in a band these days? Have you come across any differences in treatment?

Only one time. I was doing an interview with Paul, and the guy interviewing us didn't even look at me. It was really odd, he only interviewed Paul. And when I said anything, he would just look at Paul as I was saying it. And I was like, "What's the deal here?" In general, though, I never encounter anything—I mean, I guess people always think I play the bass. I'll turn up at a venue and they're like, "The bass is over there," and I'm like, "No, I play the guitar."

Have any record industry types tried to get you to market your sexuality a little bit more provocatively? To sell your sex appeal?

I don't think I've got any. No, I think Paul would really object to that because there was this girl taking photos of us the other night. She was taking pictures of my shoes and she was getting me to pose my feet. And Paul was like, "Don't do that. That's so model-like, it's what girls are expected to do." I was like: "Oooh, check out the feminist in the band!"

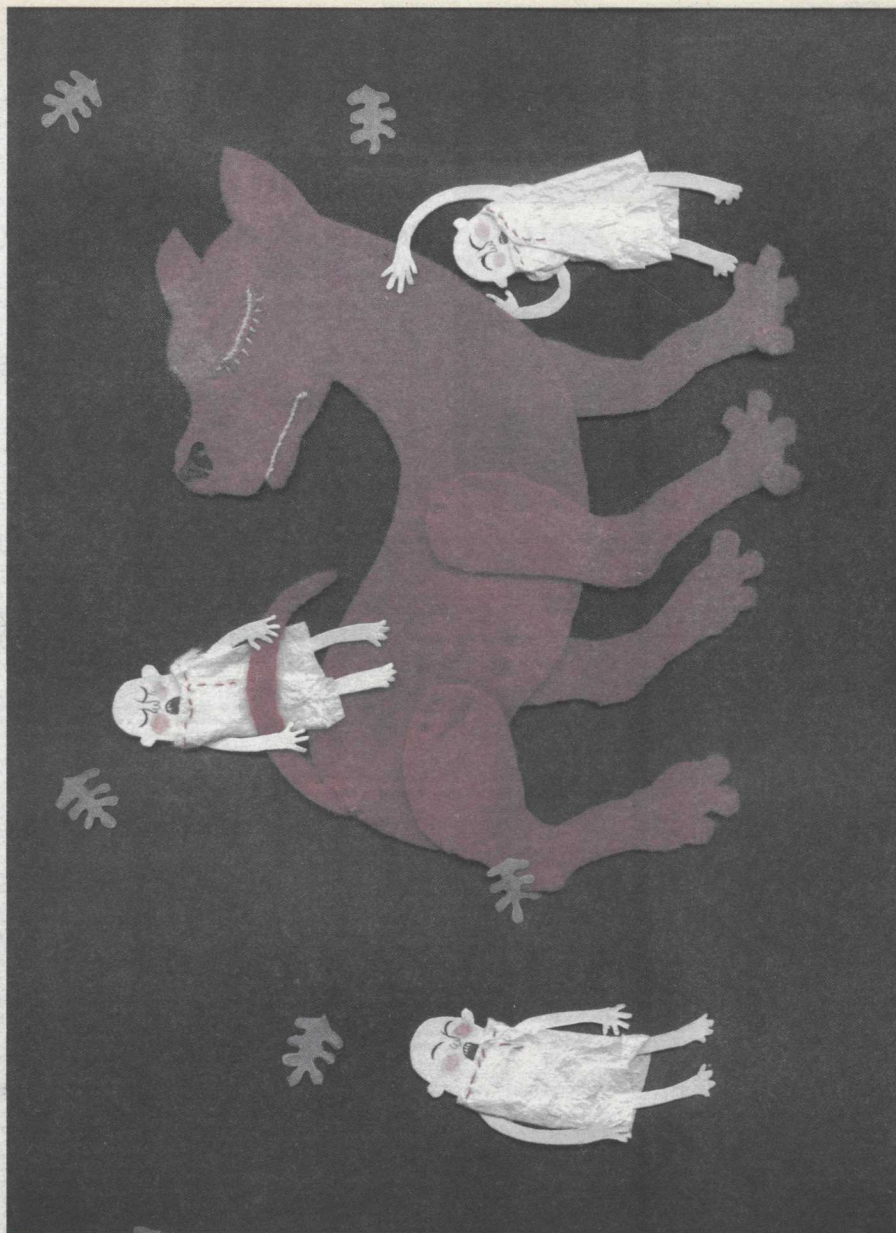
We're also running a feature on Riot Grrrl which looks back at the movement ten years on. Did any of those bands in that movement mean anything to you?

Oh yeah, definitely. I was into that as much as I was into the whole Seattle thing. It was an essential part of music in the last ten years.

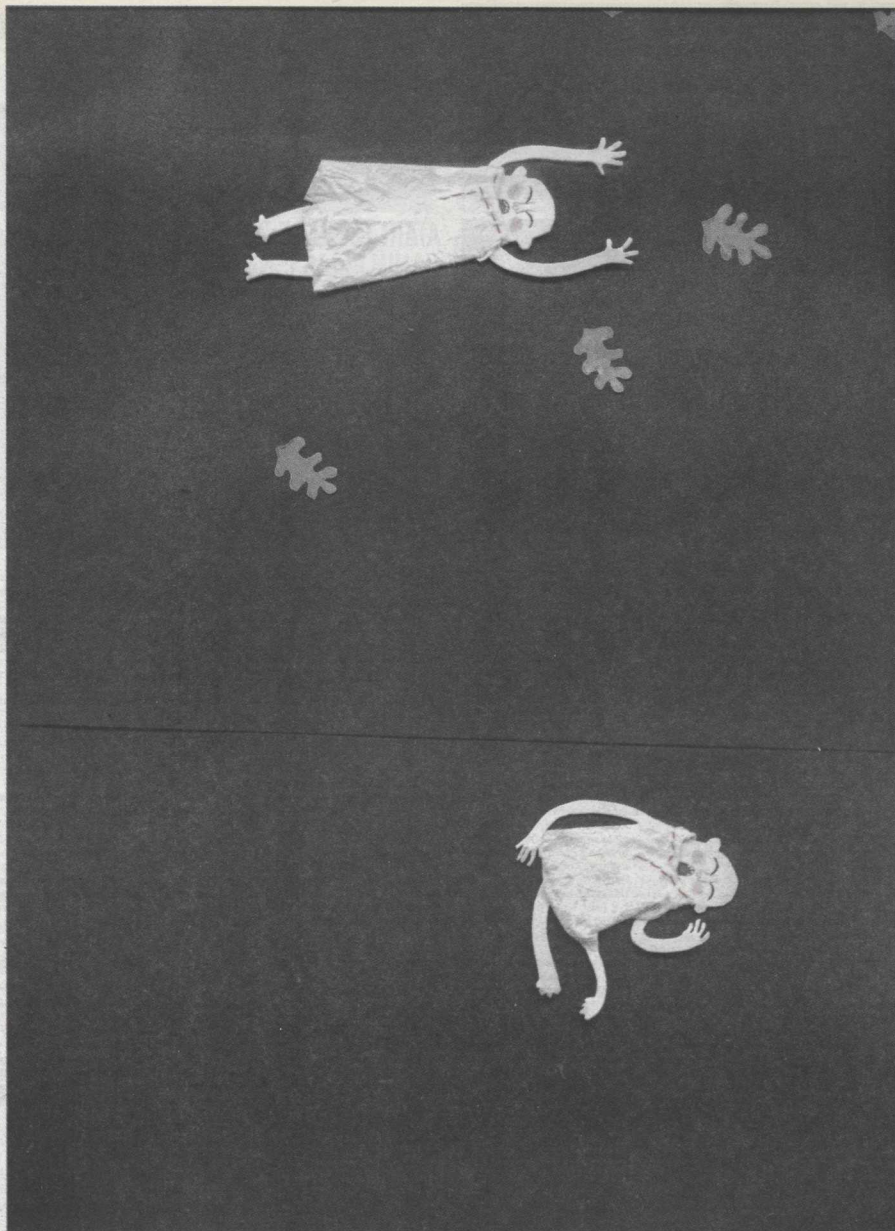
Who were the women who made you want to start a band?

Well, I did really like Huggy Bear. I really liked everything about them. I thought it was just so amazing, their manifesto, that they were going to split up after three years and they did. I thought that was pretty impressive. Obviously, Bikini Kill too. You really have to admire Kathleen Hanna. There was an interview, I think it was in Wire magazine, a couple of months ago, and the best thing she said was that people think drum machines and samplers—things like that—are really hard to use. And she said they're not. So just get them and use them. And if that's not inspiring, I don't know what is. *

(Ikara Colt play *The Royal* on March 23 w/ *The Sahara Hotnights*)



March's Artist of the Month is Genevieve Castree.



This piece is called "War! War! War!" Genevieve doesn't like war, and if you do, you're a bad person.

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ONE-WOMAN RIOT

ATARI TEENAGE RIOT IS OVER, BUT
HANIN ELIAS ISN'T FINISHED YET

Interview by Shad McAllister. Photo by M. Sander



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In 1992, the riot started. It happened in Berlin, an explosion blowing out the supporting walls of the European techno and hardcore scenes, spawning Digital Hardcore—a label that became a genre. Ground zero was Atari Teenage Riot, an electronic band that sampled Slayer and screamed for you to start the riot, to delete yourself, to destroy 2000 years of culture, and that they were sick to death like they'd never been sick before. Nobody had heard anything like it; everybody stood back and stared.

Standing in the midst of it all was Hanin Elias. At nineteen, when she met Alec Empire and they decided to forge their own musical path, she had already taken in a wider-range of experiences than most of her peers. Her formative years were spent in Syria where, at four, she witnessed a public execution. Back in Germany, she tried style after style—punk, rockabilly, goth—before realizing that they were all shadows of the same clique-ish mainstream phenomenon.

Fatal Records—a label for women and men who shared revolutionary ideals—was founded by Elias as a subsidiary of Digital Hardcore in 1998. Atari Teenage Riot broke up in 2001, and this past year Fatal came into its own as an independent record label.

Hanin Elias hasn't stopped with the dissolution of her band—on the contrary, she's hardly begun.

How have your experiences as a woman in the music industry changed (if at all) since you started performing?

Hanin Elias: It's obvious that it's mostly welcoming when you are a woman if you admit the boys and let them talk business and stay uninvolved. When it comes to the point that you get involved in business the whole thing changes, and people seem to be busy making everything as unclear as possible, so that it looks like a world you would never understand as a woman.

It's not as hard to get as it looks.... I just don't feel comfortable with all the rules and power games that are a part of that business.

But not all men are like this. Also, women who work in the music industry seem to be brainwashed and so programmed to serve the white male consumer that they don't even doubt that the philosophy they work for will destroy them as women in the end!

Let's see if only the strong will survive.

The Fatal Records website has a philosophy section, which is unique enough, but not only does it have the label's manifestos, it contains writings from notable performers and academics like Kathleen Hanna and Slavoj Žižek. How important is philosophy to the label? To you personally?

For me it's a way to say what bothers me and meet with people who feel the same way. For me music is a way to express my feelings, thoughts and politics. I'm also open for discussions and even different thoughts, and I love to analyze culture and people. I just couldn't imagine having only meaningless music or artists

on the label.

There is so much wrong socially and from a humanist way of living in our society, and we need to keep believing in something. Philosophy gives us a chance to compare our situations with the theories of others and maybe demonstrate for other solutions without just being against everything. Kathleen Hanna gave me a lot of power when I read her manifestos in a time where everything seemed to be wrong and unfair, and I started getting interested about feminism, but felt very alone with it at that time. She had the energy to inspire and give people motivation to do stuff themselves. She was also inspired by the things I did and we met to do something together and feature each other in the future.

Do you think the intrinsic philosophy has changed over the past five years from when Fatal was a female-only label to now, when men are contributing as well?

Actually no. I always knew that there were men who support my ideas and the equality of other women but I had the dream first to have a conspiracy of women who would have their own way of using technology and would stick together and form a new style of music. Now I see that this would just lead to another dogma, and this is the beginning of fundamentalism.

I also enjoy the tension between men and women, and like the sexual aspect of working with mixed sexes. It pushes you more, and is more of a challenge.

What are some of your personal philosophies?

- Not to stand still and not to shut up.
- Development is not a technical thing, but a state of mind.
- Have principles, but don't let them block your development.
- Women should be happy, whatever they do. If they are really happy by being a prostitute or a nun, that's okay with me, and if they are happy with being intellectuals, that is also okay. No one should judge women with morality based on what a woman should be like.
- Not to do what people expect me to do, but what I feel is right. Being authentic for the moment.

Is Fatal simply a record label or do you have bigger plans for it? What do you mean by "simply"? Did you ever run a record label, make music, graphics and go on tour? Dealing with other artists can be very difficult sometimes.

When I was a singer in ATR, people asked me, "So you are just singer, right?" Now they ask me, "So you simply have a record label, two children, are a singer/songwriter, co-producer...." Well, that is not fair, [laughs]

No, Fatal should of course be a movement, a philosophy, and hopefully a more dimensional thing that grows and works like clockwork, that slowly but strongly turns into the other direction, and will move more and more wheels to change the whole direction

into something away from the monoculture these days.

What was the impetus to distance Fatal from Digital Hardcore?

It was a hard decision that I had to make, but I needed a change. After Carl's death we didn't get along with each other anymore, and we all needed a break. Everyone is so different now that we couldn't identify with each other's ideas anymore.

How is writing on your own different from what went on in Atari Teenage Riot?

I have more freedom to write about personal things and the music also sounds different.

Politically, I don't see a big difference, but it's more subtle now, and not so destructive, I guess.

Are you, Alec, and Nic planning on doing anything collaborative anymore, or did ATR end after Carl's death?

It ended. But Nic works for Alec's solo career now. They still work together.

I don't even have contact with any of them.

Do you think that a boy/girl revolution is the path to an eventual unity between the sexes? Is such a thing even possible?

That would be the only chance I see to work together for something better—if men see the need for a real change and support women in their ideas instead of using them to be more powerful. It was like this for millions of years as we can see in history. Nothing really changed in the male structures, and it all leads to war in the end.

The graphic design on No Games No Fun is amazing. How much a part of your life is design work?

It was the first time I worked on the graphics, but I heard from many people that they liked them.

It was a combination of people's work that I mixed together, such as photographers like M. Sander and screenshots from P. Virus, Ewano—a tattoo artist—and some funny ideas I had with my brother who painted funny pictures and caught flies and spiders to scan them for the cover....

What is inspiring you these days?

Books from Bram Dijkstra, Klaus Theweleit, Kathy Acker and Virginie Despentes, Arundhati Roy, Naomi Klein. Protests against the war.

What advice would you give to girls who want to get involved in music?

Just be inspired and be authentic.
Don't believe anyone who tells you that it's impossible!

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WHITE WOMAN SINGS THE BLUES

CATCHING UP WITH THE ORNERY SUE FOLEY

Interview by Val Cormier



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Let's face it, if anyone has earned the right to sing the blues in a male-dominated society, it's women. However, as a *New York Times* writer once noted, some stumble at the roadblock between the blues and the merely bluesy. Bonnie Raitt, for example, is only bluesy, but Sue Foley has been held up, along with blueswomen Rory Block and Susan Tedeschi, as having what it takes to "get past the spiritual bouncer."

It's been a long and interesting journey for Sue Foley, who grew up white, middle-class and female in our nation's capital. From jams in Ottawa bars to touring on the international blues circuit, she's racked up a good share of miles, records, and wisdom. Turning 35 at the end of March (still a young pup on the blues meter), she cleaned up at the Maple Blues Awards in January (five awards in all, including *Entertainer of the Year*) and has recently been nominated for a prestigious W.C. Handy award.

DISORDER caught up with Sue by phone at her Ottawa-area home one wintry evening.

DISORDER: How about a weather report?

Sue Foley: It's freezing. It's brutal! Tonight it's going down to -26. And tomorrow it's going to be a high of -20. It really, really sucks. This has been a really cold winter. Everybody's talking about "global warming"—what a load of crap.

I guess you're not touring much this time of year, then.

Not much. I'm doing a Montreal gig, something called "Les Grandes Dames des Blues," an all-women blues revue sort of thing. In March, D. Don't know much about it yet, but one of the other headliners is Dawn Tyler Johnson.

Have you done other events focusing on women in the blues?

Yes, when I first moved to Austin I did two tours called "Antone's Women." Antone's was famous for having great women artists on the label—people I was really influenced by, like Lou Ann Barton, Angela Strehli, Lavelle White, Marcia Ball, Barbara Lynn, Kelly Price, Sarah Brown, Candye Kane. All of us, except Marcia, went on tour together a couple of times.

Actually, Antone's label was totally run by women back then. And strong women: it wasn't poppy fluff stuff. It was like real blues women, with a real raw sexuality and passion.

That's interesting, because many articles about you imply that Clifford Antone (owner of famed Austin club and label bearing his name) "discovered" you when you arrived in Austin, and took you under his wing.

It was actually Angela Strehli who saw me first, at a blues fest in Kitchener-Waterloo, and she told Clifford about me. I met Clifford later that year at the W.C. Handy awards in Memphis and he told me to send him a tape. He encouraged me to come to Austin. It was a real fertile scene I got into.

Were you surprised at the warm reception you received, being an outsider and all? From what I've read, Texas practically claimed you as one of its own.

Well, I sure wish I was in Texas more, especially this time of year! I was an adopted Texan, spent the better part of eight years there. So, yeah, I became part of the scene. I liken my time in Texas to going away to university, in a way. I was 21 when I got there, it was all about learning and soaking it up. By the time I was 28 I was ready to move on.

Do you get back to Austin very often?

It's been over a year and a half. I really need to go, I'm trying to figure out how I can steal away for a weekend and go see some friends. I keep in touch with people down there and read the odd trade magazine, so I still have some idea what's happening on the music scene down there.

I understand you were a real fan of The Clash and British Invasion bands when you were growing up. And you're from a musical family?

My dad and my three older brothers are all guitar players. My dad played Irish music, folk, country, that kind of stuff. My brothers were all into hard rock. I liked all that stuff, but I picked my own musical direction, which was the blues. Or rather, the blues found me.

I went from punk rock to early British Invasion, which is very much like punk rock, back to The Rolling Stones and their early stuff. I realized they had covered Muddy Waters songs, so I got into that, and then I saw James Cotton live, and it all came together. It was like "wow," it all made sense. It was one of those defining moments when I realized what I was going to do.

Was it hard to find good blues when you were growing up in Ottawa?

Ottawa has always had a lot of blues, surprisingly. They had a blues jam every week. Pretty much all the blues guys would congregate every Tuesday night, hang out and jam. I would just go down there and hang out, too. They started taking me under their wing, and pretty soon I started taking guitar lessons from Tony D. Next thing you know, I was gigging... It was very natural. And it was a really good blues scene. There's still a lot of blues coming out of Ottawa, and of course there's a huge blues fest here.

You spent a few years here in Vancouver, didn't you?

Yes, from about 1986-88, right after Expo. I knew that I needed to go somewhere, and your options in Canada at that time were Toronto or Vancouver. I'd been to Toronto a lot but I hadn't explored the west.

The first thing I did was to go to the jam at the Yale. That's what blues musicians do: you look for the jam, that's where the musicians are. I met Jack Lavin, Tom Lavin, Tim Hearsey, a lot of those guys. I liked them quite a bit. Since I was 19, I was hanging out with a young crowd, too, so I put together a young band and

hit the road. Our first road trip was Powell River. After that we went to Calgary two or three times. We toured the Prairies, and we toured the Prairies again. We kept touring the Prairies, and finally we went across the country. It took four months: Vancouver to Halifax and back, going through Chicago and all sorts of places in between. It really was like a road movie. We had all these relationships, coming together and breaking up. And then the van broke down in Halifax so we were stranded there for three weeks. We spent two or three weeks in Quebec City. It was great. And we parted. Heavily! [laughs]

I suppose you're not partying quite as hard these days, now that you're a mom. How are you managing to juggle touring, recording, and motherhood?

It's the ultimate in contrast. I wouldn't say my life is boring at home, but it's totally different from what I do on the road. It's kind of neat. I wouldn't do one without the other. I still live for playing and going from gig to gig. I'm still excited every time I go out. But it's good to be home if I've been out on the road too long. I'm a single parent, so I tend to stay pretty close to my son.

You were quoted in the *New York Times* as wanting to be the "female Clarence Gastemouth Brown... 75, a wicked guitarist and ornery as hell." True?

He is truly ornery as shit. He can say anything and do anything. I totally look forward to getting there. I mean, I'm not looking forward to the aging thing, but I think it'll be interesting. Blues is one of the few genres where age and experience is valuable to your work. Rock and pop is all about youth, but age and experience adds something to the blues.

What about as a woman? Is there still that "beauty standard"?

Yeah, there will always be some of that for women. It's too bad that we have set these standards so high that we can't attain them. I just wish we could get past that as a society and look the way we look. Hey, we're all going to end up in the same place anyway. Besides, with all those facelifts, you look pretty fucked up, let's face it.

Do you think the audience for blues has changed over time?

I think right now people are starving for anything with some substance. That's one reason Norah Jones is doing so well. She's got soul, people are starved for that and buying it in droves. Blues is always going to be there. I'll always have a gig, and most blues musicians will, because it's real music for real people. I don't envision blues, in its purest form, becoming too commercial. Blues is changing in a lot of ways; I've changed my style a lot, I'm not so bound by the straight blues forms. Not everything I do is straight 12-bar blues, but it is the foundation of how I think musically and how I relate to music.

Blues will always be around. People always need it, and now more than ever. •

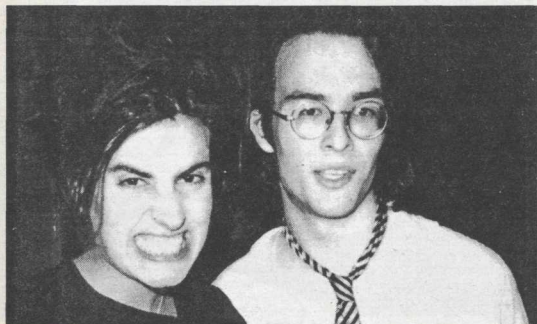
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DARTS AND PINBALL

HOW TO WEASEL AN INTERVIEW WITH ELASTICA AND REDISCOVER IT EIGHT YEARS AFTER THE FACT

Interview by Chris Eng

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Tips For Young Journalists, #1: If you're doing a zine, and you can't secure a band interview through regular press channels, go and do the interview anyway. Show up at the club around dinner time and tell the bouncer/publicist that you're there to interview (INSERT NAME OF CELEBRITY HERE). Sound confident. Sound assured. Don't look sketchy. Don't wear the band's t-shirt. You'd be surprised how often this works.

Then again, sometimes it doesn't. On June 19, 1995, after two hours of waiting at the Commodore for Elastica to show up so I could go into my carefully rehearsed routine, the bouncers had seen through my clever ruse, and were sick of me sitting around and breathing their air. I was swiftly and efficiently ejected onto the street, forced to collect myself and nurse my wounds while waiting for the show to start. Sulking as I stalked along, I looked over to my right. A woman walked beside me, keeping pace. I noted, with barely contained astonishment, that she was talking to another woman—Justin Frischmann, Elastica's lead singer. The two of them turned off into a shop and I stood on the sidewalk agape. Stuff like that didn't happen in real life did it?

I deliberated for several moments, vacillating between following them in and fleeing in a blind panic down the street. Eventually, though, I screwed my courage to the sticking place, and boldly strode into the clothing store. "Excuse me, Justin?" I said. "Er, yeah." "Hi, my name's Chris. I've been trying to get an interview with you, but nobody was getting back to me." "Oh. Say, are you reading London Fields?" I looked down at the book in my hands. "Er, yes." "That's the best book ever." "Ummm... yeah, it's really good." "That's horrible about your interview. Why don't you come backstage after the show? I'll be nice and drunk, so you can get some good quotes."

I did, she was, and what follows was lost for the next eight years. But, like the original recordings of *Let It Be* without Phil Spector's string sections, the truth can never be forever silenced, and the voices of half-remembered Britpop stars talking about second-hand highs demand an audience. Because if we don't learn from the past, we are doomed to repeat it. And if celebrities don't learn that what they say drunk will live on through the ages, then they are doomed to relive it.

Any good road stories so far?
Justin Frischmann: Ummmmmm...

Repeatable?

[laughs] Being on the bus is fine, apart from when you have a two day drive. When you go to bed on the bus and you wake up on the bus, the bus is like a huge bong when you wake up. It's just like, wherever you go, you can't get away from getting stoned, because you get passive smoke. And in the front lounge, everyone listens to dance music that you hate, and in the back lounge someone is watching a horror film that's really horrible, and then 12 hours later you're still on the bus. And that's pretty insane, really...

So you've caught in the middle of it all?

Yeah. You just start getting cabin fever sometimes from running up

and down the bus. What you do is you run up the bus, and then when you think the bus is going to stop, you just let go and you just fly arms out, like this. [demonstrates] And that's quite a good trick. And no one's broken their neck yet, so that's quite good. And there's quite an unpleasant collection of socks in various people's bunks, and that's about it, really.

So is that the drug of choice, then?

What? Hash? Yeah. There's an awful lot of... I shouldn't be saying this, should I? It's just the crew, it's not the band.

If you weren't in Elastica, what type of band would you be in?

I dunno, really. I can't imagine being in a band that wasn't Elastica. So what do you think of London Fields?

London Fields? It's a great book.

It's good, isn't it? Yeah.

I mean, I've only gotten about a hundred pages into it, but...

Yeah, but if you like it after a hundred pages, you're gonna love the book. I've given it to loads of people who haven't got it at all.

Actually, my brother's been trying to force it on me for a few weeks now, so I finally picked it up, and just after I started I picked up the new Details magazine where it talked about you reading it, so it was timely.

It's really weird, because Martin Amis doesn't do very well outside of Britain, just because it's like darts and pinball, y'know what I mean? It's just so colloquial. And he's really bitter and twisted when you think about it. In many ways it's like the Blur phenomenon; it's the same way they don't do well in America, Martin Amis doesn't. Know what I mean?

It's really British and I think a lot of people wouldn't get that.

Yeah.

How come Morrissey's so sad?

I dunno. I think it's just the fact he's a sort of macho, gay, body-builder, and it just doesn't quite work anymore for some reason.

So what would make him happy?

I dunno. If he married me.

What's the best pickup line you've ever heard?

"Are you the singer from Elastica?"

I used that one!

[laughs]

No, I said, "Excuse me, Justin?" Do you like cake and candy?

Not particularly. I like savory things better. I really like crisps and stuff like that, and I love Chinese food.

Do you watch football? [He means "soccer," you Canadian wanksters.

--Here!]

I have to watch football, unfortunately.

Who do you favour?

Well, I have to like Chelsea, really, or else I get my head kicked in. That's the team that Damon likes. And he really likes them—like he cries when they lose and stuff.

That's a strange phenomenon over here. It's just not popular in Canada. It's like a cult thing.

Yeah. It's weird the way the Americans have caught on to it.

What's the most romantic thing anyone's ever done for you?

Damon makes me breakfast in bed every morning. That's pretty romantic.

What do you get to eat?

I just get a cup of tea, and sometimes I get a bit of toast. Sometimes I get a fruit salad if I've minded my p's and q's the night before.

What's the most interesting job you've held?

I've only had two jobs, and they're both shit. I worked in an architect's office for six months. [Justin Welsh chases Donna Matthews down the hallway as she walls and caromes off of walls. They are both carrying markers. They both have been scribbling on each other's faces. They are obviously and extravagantly wasted.]

Donna: Look what he's done to me, Jus! [She runs off, and he follows after.]

For those who don't know, describe pub food.

The best pub food is a ploughman's [lunch], where you get a big bit of stilton and pickle and pickled onion and bread and some tomato. That's as good as it comes. I'm veggie, but I think sausages and mash are pretty good.

I guess the most serious question I have to ask you is: what kind of a response have you received in North America?

A really good one, actually. Really surprisingly good, considering all the horror stories you hear about North America. British bands usually go down okay in Canada, but really badly in the rest of North America. We were really expecting to be driving for three days and then turn up in the middle of nowhere, and there'd be like three people there, and it's just been great, the whole thing's been sold out. It's just been excellent.

What kind of TV shows did you watch when you were young?

My favourite was probably *How*. Did you ever get that? It showed you how to do stuff. I also liked *Take Hart*. I dunno what else, really.

What words of wisdom do you have to offer people?

Don't let your life get boring. •

under review

recorded media

Alexisfibre

s/t
(Platort Entertainment/EMI)
Hey kids, we, the Canadian Music Industry, have found a great new American band to "emulate" (read: copy), repackage as a Canadian band, and sell to you, the unwashed, music-buying masses. I bet you've never even heard of this American band. Hell, they broke up nearly two years ago! I mean, **At The Drive-In**? It sounds like an expression, not a band name! What's that? You HAVE heard of them? Oh. Well, okay, then we'll sell it to you as this great new sound: screamo! Yeah, that's it, all the power and passion of emo, only screamed! Be the first kid on your block to own the very first screamo album ever by **Alexisfibre**! All accusations of unoriginality and crappy marketing aside (screamo? That alone makes me want to verbally tear this band a new asshole), St. Catharines, Ontario's Alexisfibre is not an exact copy of At The Drive-In nor are they simply emo crybabies.

Unfortunately, the characteristics distinguishing the band from their significant reference points are not predominantly negative ones. To start, the band likes to disperse 80s-metal riffs throughout their songs. How do you intend to scare or impress anyone nowadays sounding like **Poison**? To make matters worse, one of the band's two lead vocalists sings like he's vomiting into the microphone (the other sounds like, you guessed it, **ATD's** Cedric Bixler). As a final insult to injury, Alexisfibre doesn't even come up as sounding anywhere near as visceral or powerful as its progenitor. However, despite all their shortcomings, Alexisfibre is not yet ready to be consigned to the Graveyard of Derivative CanCon Bands. They do possess some songwriting talent and lots of melodic guitar lines. They just need to ditch vomit boy, leave the hair metal in the past, and get some sharper production. That, and a bit of originality and my CanCon jokes will stop. I promise. Neil Braun

Archive

You All Look The Same To Me (East West)
So you put on the headphones, and on the first listen is try to decide what exactly it is that you're listening to. Industrial, classic rock, trip-hop, whatever. **You All Look The Same To Me** has aspects of all of these, but the beautiful thing is that

past the first listen it becomes harder to fit it into any one category, and that's when it hits...this is good music that doesn't do what you want it to do. The impression that the singer is just **Liam Gallagher** trying to sound like **Thom Yorke** didn't help sell me, and the same can be said for the simple, rather cliché love-lost lyrics. Still, the album is musically grounded by two 15+ minute epics "Again" and "Finding It So Hard," and these tie the rest together gracefully into a cohesive whole that flows like the Thames through London. Gritty but beautiful. The inclusion of the three-minute remix of "Again" seems to have no more purpose than to stress exactly how much more powerful and interesting **Archive** can be if we give them their 15 minute creative space, and if this is so I suggest we give this group all the creative space they ask for. Soren Brothers

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds

Nocturama (Anti/Mute)
The arrival of a new **Nick Cave** and **The Bad Seeds** release is always full of anticipation and expectation and **Nocturama**, despite the silly title, is no exception. We find Nick now shorn and staring into the light contemplating the dualistic nature of love and desire coupled with a continued inner struggle with a humourless god. The album opens with a near perfect distillation of his later period ballad form in "Wonderful Life." The album thus starts off with arguably its best song and thus never quite maintains the same promise throughout. Still, "There is A Town" and "Right Out of Your Hand" come close to this art of minimal gesture and implied meaning, the latter sounding not unlike the **Tindersticks** in one of their less dour moods. One can't help but feel that there is a maturity of the artist going on here that somehow gives a sense of grace to aging in a world hellbent on negating it's worth.

Alas, not all is solitude and confessional, piano, and candelabra, as we have heard in the last couple of albums. "Bring It On" picks up the tempo and temperament as the author accepts a shared fate with renewed courage. However, the fire in **Archive** is further stoked with "Dead Man In My Bed" and "The Music Energy of the Bad Seeds is given full reign as of Nick belts out "I keep poking him with a stick/But his skin is just so fucking thick/There's a

dead man in my bed" while a Hammond organ screams at full tilt. It's a welcome return to a form that reminds us that Nick hasn't completely melted out, at least not just yet. The album concludes with an epic blowout to the full-on blind grip of passion in "Babe, I'm On Fire." The Bad Seeds kick it out with a fury that is truly intoxicating as Nick delivers no less than 39 stanzas, listing assorted and sordid characters who "say it." Paul Clarke

David Baerwald

Here Comes the New Folk Underground (Lost Highway)
In this recording, **Baerwald** is backed by a collection of artists from L.A. and Austin. It's clear that he's playing within the world of folk, but he isn't afraid to push a bit into the realm of roots rock. "Nothing's Gonna Bring Me Down" has a slight funk influence complete with vintage keys and horns. Other songs venture into the world of old school R&B. The main focus of this album, however, is the lyrics, and the instruments serve mainly to direct the listener to heart of the words. This is where some people have less interest in the album because there isn't any thing particularly unique about **Baerwald's** style. There is something very compelling in the honesty and frankness of the album's outlook, however. The album serves as an unflinching observation of the world and offers no direct answers to the questions that **Baerwald** poses (like "Why") and some of them are unashamedly hopeful ("Nothing's Gonna Bring Me Down"). **Baerwald** makes the listener think without preaching, and somehow pulls off lines that would seem naive if sung by anyone else. "Sometimes it gets so ugly/All you can do is crack sick jokes... Me, I'm pretty sick of that/How 'bout faith, even hope?" While this album verges on being mistaken as another instalment in the oversaturated "folk market," it's refreshing to hear an album that believes in something. Samuel Kim

Bon Voyage

The Right Amount (Tooth and Nail)
I confess I was biased against **Tooth and Nail**; I didn't think they had much going for them beyond Northwest Punk. Well, clearly, I'm wrong. And I'd like to apologize in print. **Bon Voyage** was a nice way to prove me wrong, and it makes me want to pay more attention to

this Seattle label. This album is a side project by Jason Martin of **Starflyer 59** with Julie Martin on vocals and Jason doing most of the guitars. I was pleasantly surprised by the sweet collection of 808 drums, 70s-like guitars, and sparkling melodies a la **Saint Etienne**. This is the kind of album that you'd consider a "pop gem", but there's no chance at all it would ever reach any charts. Songs like "Never Coming Back" have catchy melodies and even the guitar lines are worth humming along to. The lack of acoustic drums, if not done properly, could hurt the album, but in this context, the synth drums serve the songs and keeps the sound consistent. It's a short album that comes in like a small burst of light, and after 30 minutes, leaves you in the dark (much like the album cover of a lone light bulb cutting through an otherwise black cover).

The main weakness of the album, however, is also its strength. Julie Martin's vocals sound like a squeaky **Gondolier** on the verge of a childlike giggle: it's fitting for the songs, but beyond that, her delivery is pretty limited. While the tone of her voice sits nicely within the overall mix, it can be a bit annoying that she sings every song in the same way. With that said, I've been sold on the overall package with its bright melodies and lyrics that hint at something darker. Like the album cover, and as cheesy as it sounds, "The Right Amount" really is the bright spot in the album. I've come back to this album several times when I need to cheer up with a visit to the 80s. What better way than with an 80s-like band that came out last year? Samuel Kim

Cat Power

You Are Free (Nisus)
Chan Marshall is Eddie Vedder's new girlfriend. No wait, she's Dave Grohl's lady. Oh, no, actually she's just been whoring around the "respectable rocker" scene to create the album that will introduce the overwhelming New Vancouver Yuppie crew to who we've been loving and hating for years. I guess everybody sells out eventually...

You Are Free is a densely textured effort, swimming in a myriad of Chan-tastic harmonies-with-self, and, as such, is an album that Marshall will never be able to perform live. She's notoriously sketchy on stage, oscillating between awe-inspiring bliss-outs and total chaos. That's what you get when you're all alone with a guitar and a nasty habit of being a freaky perfectionist, it seems. This new album, featuring flashy guests of a not-so-anonymous nature, has some hot rockers, featuring the fabulous two-note arrangements, and haunting ballads, also of the

two-note nature. A couple of the tunes sound like ones we've had before, but so it sometimes goes.

My complaints about this album have been laid waste by a friend who pointed out that, despite the fact that I can already play it all myself, I can't do the emotive thing like Chan can. And I can never date **Smog** (that one hurts the most).

So, yeah, this one's alright. Marshall has written some good tunes. You're almost guaranteed to hear her sweet voice blaring out of any number of SUV's and sweet sporty rides in Yaletown this spring, so start sucking it up right now. Julie Colero

Giddy Motors

Make It Pop! (Fat Cat)
One might expect an album called **Make It Pop!**, released by Fat Cat Records, purveyors of such soothing, atmospheric songs as **Mum** and **Sigur Ros**, to be a reasonably listenable affair. This could hardly be further from the truth. From the first second, there's no mistaking that **Giddy Motors** is a lurching, cacophonous weapon of mass destruction, armed with a reckless noise-punk fury that immediately recalls heavyweights like **The Jesus Lizard**. Searching for an explanation in the liner notes for the demented bedlam asphyxiating my speakers, I find that the mighty **Steve Albini** was

manning the decks for the production of this monster. And the glorious monster it is—the primal force of Manu Ros' accomplished drumming is the constant that holds this heaving menace together, matched in intensity by Gaverick de Vis' maniacal, incoherent ranting and demonic, wailing guitar noise. Together with basslines as heavy as Albini's old **Big Black** and the confrontational, fuck-all-your-bullshit impulse to innovate through destruction shared by like-minded contemporaries such as **The Liams** and **Black Dice**, this band resonates with a powerful relevancy.

Did I mention that they also have a saxophone? It busts out unexpectedly on the second track, "Hit Cap," with an abrasive skronk that would put **James Chance** to shame, as Manu Ros demonstrates the breadth of his talent by breaking into a scorching free-jazz beat. On "Cranium Crux," Gaverick de Vis' swaying vocal delivery brings **Nick Cave** and **The Birthday Party** to mind, while the creepy, lumbering bear beats a striking likeness to the **Liams**. "This Dust That Makes Mud" Perhaps most surprising of all is the seventh song, "Venus Medallist," when the noise abruptly evaporates, replaced by shimmering cymbal crashes, acoustic guitar, and a soaring string section. It's an exquisitely pretty tune that resembles a subdued **Mogwai**.

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much more in keeping with the usual Fat Cat aesthetic, and it serves to accentuate the fantastic, genre-defying range that this band possesses. A truly impressive debut, highly recommended for anyone looking for an adventurous and challenging listen.

salan

Hip Hop Wierders All Beef, No Chicken (Peanuts & Corn)

A friend of mine told me a while back that prairie hip-hop was going to blow in 2003. I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, but it sounded good to me. Hailing from Manitoba and accompanied with beats by Winnipeg expat, now Vancouverite **McNeore** (you might have checked out his apt flows but bering stage presence opening for **Back 65** at Richard's recently), the **Wierders** are officially Pip Skid and John Smith. Sure this is an incestuous Canuck-hop release featuring **Hunnicut**, **Hespin**, **Gordski**, and **Birdapres** but these fellas only accent the tight duo instead of the common masking of marginal talents. *All Beef* is the kind of release that makes patriotic, hard beats, self-deprecation, cougar boots, and a true dedication to underground hip-hop. This shit ain't next level, but it sure is hot.

Robert Robert

I Kill My Conscience At Times The Continual Overflow of Living Waters Within (Puff 'n' Play)

"He was tempted by his high school friends...to experiment with drugs, and he'd got hooked on drugs. It's devastating his life," a parental voice explains on the opening track of this recording. And if you have dyed black hair and are in exactly the right chemically-fueled mood, you might enjoy it. But if not, you'll probably find his oblique moodiness more annoying than profound. After the spoken-word introductory track (which sounds uncannily like something off **Rheostatics** "Music Inspired by the Group of 7," a forties talk show, or a retro CITR sounds ad), the album drops down into a slow, brooding field of bass-heavy electronically-manipulated ambient angst. "Funeral for Yesterday's Life" and "Haysus" sound like the ghost of **Layne Staley** playing live through your computer, and lyrics about "the sin that binds you" and how "it's all the same, it's all the same" complete the reverend-dread experience. On "Where the Word ends...", the album takes a turn for the extreme, as Layne and his kids' brains have now been chopped up into little pieces and re-arranged into alien android angst-bots. The guitar on "Wishing For" and especially on "Heads Rushed" sounds like it was made to make the songs brighter and more

hopeful, but can't overcome the bleak darkness in the vocals. Throughout this entire 7-track EP, singer "Jill" keeps it firmly subdued in a deep black swamp of anguish, and perhaps this is what he means when he talks about "the living waters within" that are continually overflowing. Try not to think of a clogged toilet and you'll be fine.

Ryan Opposites

Jerk With A Bomb Pyrokinesis (Scratch)

A friend recently gave me a compliment of great value. I was raving about the awfulness of modern architecture as we walked together through Vancouver's business district when he cut me off. "Susy," he said, "You know what I love about you? You're one of the most negative people I've ever met." I was silenced; touched to the very core by the best compliment I had ever received (other than the time someone told me I looked like **Denise from The Cosby Show**). Listening obsessively to **JerK With A Bomb's** newest release over the next few days, I mused upon my acquaintance's words. Although I was honoured to be his most negative friend, I couldn't help but think that he needed to meet Jerk With A Bomb. The ideas expressed on their third full-length release are not positive ones. Instead, they are dark and timely, focusing on war, urban decay, and imminent apocalypse. Their music, a dark hybrid of rock, jazz and new wave, provides the ideal backdrop for such musings. Vocal harmonies flow seamlessly in and out of synth and guitar melodies, and with the addition of a bassist, JWAB have taken their sound to the next level. The interposition of deeply disturbing lyrics atop driving rhythms, solid beats, and haunting organ creates a sound that is urgent, powerful and compelling. It is for good reason that this band stands out among the many excellent groups in Vancouver today. While this album stands poised for international acclaim, until March 24th it is available off the shelves only to us here in Vancouver. However, I suggest listening to it with a bit more restraint than I showed. It stayed on my turntable for almost two weeks, permeating my consciousness to such an extent that it had to be re-filled after two successive nights of war-related nightmares. I'm slowly gathering the courage to get it out again soon.

Susy Webb

Jeremy Latta 7/11 Death Do Us Part (Independent)

Latta's album glitters, inverted: a solar anus. The parody which allies itself with itself cannot escape itself. Parody disembody, using laughter—but its parody is mimicry—it comes

back. Latta's album caves in on itself. The first track is "Angst Parodic." The second track, "Salad Days," is hypnotizing in its simple repetitive, mumbling synthesizer. Then aching guitar appears underneath, like grey vinyl pleather. It is like awakening in the back seat of a car, which is bounding down a slushy highway in the blinding sunlight. But the track fades too soon, and you see into the next one, "Are You Burning In Hell?" You bump along the smarmy road of absurd lyrics and bhtreling chords. Accidental overtones in the fourth track, "Our Lonely Northern Shores," surround you, splendorous, but irritating. The beauty is repetitive and drools unintelligently the slime of greater things.

"I Should Have Known All Along": track five, slumber of the lost. I should have known the lyrics would fail. The tone is the same in tracks six and seven. If you get sucked in to the gulping pain, the joke is on you. Track eight, "She Talks To Ghosts," is the first clue, with its poppy prepubescent guitar, and Jeremy's cracking voice. Track nine, "Til Death Do Us Part," is the second clue. At first it is naked black trees on a grey sky, then shreds—a migraine of drills, stabbing exposed nerves for fifteen long seconds. This rupture is transparently referential to the glass splinter in marriage: death.

This parody is tied up with another in track ten, "Homunculus." The recurring refrain is a song to Homunculus. The lyrics are purposely weak in order to illuminate their own parody. There are multiple Homunculi in Homunculus: those of the subconscious, those of the conscious, all mirroring one another. Like Faust's Homunculus, a being of light, outside of the brain, Latta-Homunculus attempts to step outside of his own meat—and fails. "Albortoss" demonstrates this failure. The lament sags as a song. Its only redeeming factor is the unrelated exclamation—"Oh look, an albortoss!" Preceded by the make-out music of track eleven "Legion Hall," and followed by the NFB soundtrack of the final song "Dead Girlfriend," "Albortoss" is forgotten, so forgiven.

Latta's album is a beautiful failure. His parody has a dialectic succor that polarizes magnetically, but allegiance is the soul to parody, hence the black hole. Since a porthole is an end and a beginning, Latta's failure is a small triumph. A lamp is on my table and the house is in the music. I will finally live in the music. Where is the music found? In the music.

Aliza Weller

Mean Red Spiders Still Life Past Moving (Teenage USA)

Okay, so there's good stuff coming out of Toronto now days. Who knew? Beautiful

stuff, like this third release from **Mean Red Spiders**. It's atmospheric, melodic and wonderfully constructed. It is also much "poppier" than their earlier stuff. It is almost disappointing that they did not continue on a pure, **Stereolab** vein. But hey, they make the pop blend in so seamlessly and so inconspicuously that it is easy to ignore. So why complain? *Rana E.*

The Melgrove Band Let It Grow (Endearing Records)

If they look like **Sloan**, sing like **Sloan** and smell like **Sloan**, then by god, they must be **Sloan**. But no, they're Toronto's Melgrove Band. To say that the overall effect of *Let It Grow* is not enjoyable is to lie; it is kind of fun to listen to. The unfortunate thing (aside from that hopeless Sloan resemblance) is that this album will probably never make it beyond the "pleasant background noise" category. It will be quickly forgotten.

Rana E.

Moving Units (Palm Pictures)

After the massive hype explosion around New York dance-punk last year, major labels were falling all over themselves trying to sign the **Rapture**. They couldn't, however—Luke Jenner and his posse are way too smart to leave DFA, possibly the most exciting new label going. So the recording company, instead, snapped up a band that sounds exactly like the aforementioned kings of New York—**LA's Moving Units**. Throughout the course of this four-song debut EP, this band manages to blend the deliberately lo-fi production and bored, affected vocals of **The Strokes** with **Gang of Four**-style dance beats even more shamelessly derivative than contemporaries like **Radio 4**. When the singer feels like giving you a break from his "I'm too hip to sound interested" cadence, he alternates with a fake accent and my-tight-pants-are-punching-my-nuts shriek gratefully reminiscent of Steve Bays, of the next best thing, and snapped up a band that sounds exactly like the aforementioned kings of New York—**LA's Moving Units**.

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Nobukazu Takemura 10th (Thrill Jockey)

Brokeback Looks at the Bird (Thrill Jockey)

I first became interested in **Nobukazu Takemura** after he split my eardrums open during his support slot for **Tortoise** at the Vogue in 2001. That night the sound man must have dozed off or maybe he just forgot he was wearing earplugs. The sounds that this placid-looking Japanese gentleman and his laptop made were not bad, just way too loud. Actual pain was induced and I was convinced that I was mere moments away from having my head explode like a ripe watermelon at a summer fair. However, as I grimaced through the pain, one song really stood out and I've been looking for it ever since. My search ends with this album, as the track, titled "Lost Treasure (4th version)," finally turns up on 10th. Listening to it now it probably wasn't worth the wait, but at least in the meantime I have become extremely familiar with Nobukazu's back catalogue and while I can't say I'm a huge fan, I do find his work interestingly diverting.

10th is actually his most accessible release to date—forgoing Riechian repetition, Nobukazu chooses to construct his compositions in a more linear fashion which is probably more conducive to the vast majority of the recording industry public. It's a welcome change for while I have enjoyed this repetitive technique in the past, there is a limit to how far an artist can take it before sheer boredom ensues. The fatal flaw in 10th, however, is still a repetition problem. Fans of his previous EP *Sign* will be familiar with the computerised voice he occasionally employs, and while it is used to good effect on a handful of the songs here, its recurrence is, for my taste, a little too frequent. And on some of the very worst examples it sounds like someone left the tape rolling while a randy monkey desperately tried to sow his seed on the keyboard of a Speak and Spell. Bad monkey, bad!

More successful is **Brokeback's** latest offering, *Looks at the Bird*. Brokeback being one of Doug McCombs' numerous side projects. It's no **TNT** or even a **Turnstyles** and **Junkies** but it does have a pleasingly relaxed charm. It's also a Chicago sound fan's dream with guest appearances from all the usual suspects—John McEntire records and mixes, Rob Mazurek of the **Chicago Underground Quartet** adds some beautiful cornet, Chad Taylor of **Town and Country** drums, and long time Nobukazu Takemura associate, **Aki Tsuyoku**, adds some childlike keyboard flourishes—as she does on Takemura's 10th.

By far the most noteworthy and successful contribution is made by **Stereolab's** Laetitia Sadier and the sadly departed Mary Hanson. The final track sees Mary Hanson and Brokeback re-interpret the haunting "Pearl's Dream" from the movie *Night of the Hunter*. It's at once beautiful and chilling, providing a fitting final tribute to a woman for whose loss the world of music is that bit poorer.

Merek Cooper

Ours

Precious

DreamWorks/Universal) When **Ours'** debut album, *Distorted Lullabies*, was released in mid-2001, many critics attacked vocalist and leader Jimmy Gnecco as being nothing more than a **Jeff Buckley** and/or **U2** wannabe. Having Steve Lillywhite produce your record does not help to allay any U2-related accusations. This criticism may be true, but oh man, did this guy ever have presence! The four other nobodies in the band created incredibly dark, brooding, and oftentimes-melodic music that perfectly suited Gnecco's theatrical moanings and high-pitched wails. The question now was whether Gnecco would continue making this powerful, yet possibly derivative music, or change course to make a more popular record. Gnecco picked the latter, and, sadly, the result is a significant step down from *Distorted Lullabies*.

In addition, producer Ethan Johns to the band as the drummer should have strengthened the band and allowed them to craft even more dynamic music to match Gnecco's wildly oscillating vocal range. Too bad the band is now only capable of playing boring rock at worst and ineffective rumbal-pum at best (and I don't want pop from Ours; I want catharsis, dammit). This leaves Gnecco to wallow in an attempt to cover up bland songs like "Realize" and "Kill the Band" (kill the band? There's an idea...), or restrain himself on the middle-of-the-road pop numbers like "Leaves" and "If Flowers Turn." As if all this wasn't enough, Ours also has the gall to cover "Femme Fatale" (and, not surprisingly, the song fares about as well as the rest of the album). Somewhere, **Los Reed** is seriously pissed off. So am I.

Neil Braun

Matthew Ship Equilibrium (Thieves' Eye)

"It has been a mind expanding experience, being both a recording artist and the artistic director for the Blue Series." Thus begin the liner notes of **Matthew Ship's** fourth release for the series under his own name. As the series artistic director he has been

involved as both producer and player in the jazz/electronic hybrid albums by the likes of **DJ Spooky** (*Optometry*) and **Spring Heel Jack** (*Masses, Amassed*). *Equilibrium* sees Mr. Shipp trying to incorporate some of these new influences he has digested into his own brand of classical avant-grade jazz. To that affect he has enlisted the production assistance of **FLAM** (who?) to the mix. Unfortunately, besides providing some chunky beats on some tunes, the electronic contribution to the album appears to be rather minimal and insignificant.

Whatever the intention I can't help feel that it missed the mark on this project. Those looking for further explorations in the above mentioned hybrid form would do better to check out **Spring Heel Jack's** latest release *Amassed* for some promising direction. That being said *Equilibrium* is far from being a failed experiment. Shipp is usually in good company on his own recordings and this is no exception. The quartet is anchored by the formidable talents by long time co-conspirator acoustic bassist **William Parker**. Parker is one of those rare jazz musicians that can sound both "out" and "in the pocket" in the very same musical phrase lending a solid foundation to the music no matter where it goes. For a musician renowned for being the premiere avant-jazz/free improv bass player Parker can lay down the funk with the best of them and does so here giving the beats an added dimension. More than anyone else on this project it is Parker's deep tones that bridges together the gaps between the two distinct musical worlds. Drummer **Gerald Cleaver** seems comfortable with both free time impressionisms as he does laying down the groove over top of FLAM's beats and blips. However, the real find here is the musical talents of Khan Jamal on the vibes, Jamal's playing rolls in like a breath of fresh air over the urban environment created by the rest of the ensemble providing a perfect foil to Shipp's trademark dark romanticisms and angular motifs. Shipp's playing seems more inspired as result of having such an inventive improviser to spar with. One hopes to hear more from this pairing in the future.

Though Shipp's electronic explorations are a brave and welcomed move in an effort to push the language of contemporary jazz ever forward, *Equilibrium* once again demonstrates that his own music is firmly rooted in the classical avant-jazz milieu. One hopes that Mr. Shipp can eventually develop a musical relationship with some more highly inventive electronic based artists that rivals his of his acoustic improvising collaborators. That being said the Blue

Series is certainly worthy of your continued listening attention. One gets a sense that the best is yet to come and I for one look forward to this kind of future music.
Paul Clarke

S.T.R.E.E.T.S.

Bo Bo Gnar Gnar
(Global Symphonic)

The belly of this beast is pregnant with hits. Or hammers, or whatever the kids call them now. Once I was at the skate park at Gordon Head, and when it started to get dark all the kids left to go home for dinner. I was chillaxin' on the side after a sick sess, and I heard these kids say "Whoa, did you see that Chinese lady?"
Christa Min

Super Numeri
Great Aviaris
(Ninja Tune)

Ninja Tune's really branching out these days. First *Flow*—now this—possibly the least hip hop and the least "electronic" album this label has ever released. **Super Numeri** are a crackpot collective of Brits that all live together, dress very flamboyantly (think *Ziggy Stardust* meets *Yellow Submarine* in an alien gypsy caravan), and according to their landlord (ostensibly the author of their press release), enjoy burning piles of Victorian furniture on the front lawn, inviting thirty of their equally nutty friends over, and having a jam and a dance around the bonfire. So what does it sound like? As with many supposedly "really crazy" bands (*Need New Body* comes to mind), they fuse a lot of different styles but basically just sound a hell of a lot like **Can**.

Traces of **Tortoise** and post-bop **Miles Davis** also emerge, but the general vibe is surprisingly sparse and spacey for a group with so many members; brass, woodwind, harp and a very fine string ensemble all come into play at some point, fusing into krautrock-inspired minimal-groove arrangements. The somnolent atmosphere of the music will probably bore many, but those who like to nod off to **Brian Eno's Music for Airports** should find a lot to enjoy here. This is not to say that *Super Numeri* can't mix it up, however; the jerky, abrasive art-funk groove they slip into on "The Beaks" is an evilly delicious departure from the ambient cruising speed they set for the rest of the album. Certainly not for everyone, but if you're planning on dropping acid, having languorous afternoon sex, or if you just always wondered what a set of hand drums would do for a post-rock band, you might want to check out *Super Numeri*.
saelan

Teenage Fanclub
Four Thousand, Seven Hundred and Sixty-Six Seconds: A Shortcut to Teenage Fanclub
(Columbia)

The Concept: Four boys from Scotland call themselves **Teenage Fanclub** and play beautiful music. Ain't That Enough? Ok, then, when I was 13 and the furthest thought from my mind was that *The World'll Be OK*, I needed to find the point from which Everything Flows. I didn't like my Stansign; Arnie—too headstrong. I harboured a Mellow Doubt and I thought to myself, I Need Direction.

I don't know About You, and I don't know What You Do to Me, but it fills this Empty Space, and gives me food for this Sparky's Dream. I Don't Want Control of You, but Hang On, Did I Say that? I Don't Look Back? There's no need. Your Love Is the Place Where I Come From.

She liked Neil Jung, would listen to him on the Radio. I said things that were Dumb Dumb Dumb, but it didn't matter. I guess the Planets were just aligned right or something. Now everything is great and she helps me with My Upright Life.

I'm talking about my girlfriend of course, but that's what *Teenage Fanclub* were like when I was 13—like falling in love.
Merek Cooper

Andy Votel

All Ten Fingers
(Twisted Nerve/XL/Beggars)
Craziness is a funny word. There are lots of ways to be crazy. Random. Salted Tangerines. **Andy Votel's** latest album can seem a bit bewildering, and perhaps even sometimes influenced by mind-altering substances, but at the same time I'm hard-pressed to find flaws in it. Technically, as can be assumed, given his experience mixing and producing with such fine acts as **Death in Vegas**, **Lamb** and **Damon Gough** (*Badly Drawn Boy*), *Votel* is all there and then some.

Different styles appear from every direction, and are all blended together immaculately. This album also has surprisingly catchy melodies ("Oh Dogs" sticks out with a whistled line that never really lets go) and the diversity of sounds and styles visited gives it a sense of adventure which isn't always so easy to come by in new music ("Gentle Man Thief" is a great example of jazz mixing gone right). Still, the album does seem to slip a little towards the end, where cuts such as "Fly-Fly-Fly" and "B-Music" are maybe just a bit too disjointed to get into. Still, there is never a dull moment, and at its very worst, *All Ten Fingers* is a fascinating listen.
Soren Brothers

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Gel On

Our Dates

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Frank Black & The Catholics with Tangerines Live:
April 9, 2003 - Victoria, BC - Sugar

April 10, 2003 - Vancouver, BC - Commodore Ballroom

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JONATHAN RICHMAN

PETE CAMPBELL

Richard's On Richard's

Wednesday, Jan. 22

Those hooch monkeys at the **DISCORDER** office have been harassing me for this damn piece. Art discussing art is an effort you can't race or force; stupid editorial demands—my ass is my sentiment to you. [Derek, if you got your reviews in on time, rather than three weeks late, then we wouldn't have to harass you and you could keep your smelly bum to yourself. —ed.] So, here we go. The opening act is a Canadian, of all things you could imagine. I'm not sure if his name was Pete or Dave, as we were late in the high culture sense of being late. The first drink was running jolly in my brainpan as he proceeded with a delightful romp of a tune entitled "Blow Jobs and Brilliance." What a statement, what a song!

Of all the things I could say about the crowd at the show, they were a short crowd. So as the moment of introduction drew on longer, the hip kids of the metropolis flashed their ambivalent half-smiles. Impatience turning to actual conversation and interaction,

people began to understand one another. Never have I witnessed such wonder (except for that time in the bathroom and yowls of the drunken, smokod-out mob—there was **Jonathan Richman**. If you weren't there I apologize, if you were well I hope you looked at the faces around you that night. What I saw that night was a communal sense of joy. I saw grown men toss away their cynical dread, young women put away all that regressive irony. A packed crowd regressed, or in a way they elevated themselves. Yes he played old songs and new songs—blah, blah, blah. Sure Tommy Larkin was such a great intuitive drummer. It was all perfect with Jonathan, a genius in every way, even his simplicity is rife with a genuine regard for the music. It's hard not to showcase your effort, but good old Jonathan just slips in and around it all with ease. Yes I was high, but fuck that for now—I saw a crowd transformed, and condemn me for

saying this but it was filled with absolute enlightened magic. We were standing one minute aloof and prostrate cool and blammo, like that we're little kids and it's singsong time in the gymtutor. With all sincerity, when he broke into "Pablo Picasso" a life long dream woke up to reality, and I was five years old smoking a cigarette shimmying like it was Saturday night, not Wednesday. It never once felt like a Wednesday.

Derek Sterling Boone

DIVISION OF LAURA LEE

BURNING BRIDES

THE CATHETERS

Richard's On Richard's

Thursday, January 30

The smell of hype was thick tonight as things got started early enough that I missed openers **The Catheters**; I'm not a huge fan of the new "mature" sound displayed on their Sub Pop record, but according to reports, the boys do rip it up when called to, and it would have been nice to see why the Brits are fawning over

these guys. Come to think of it, the Brits will fawn over pretty much anything that makes "rock" cool again, so what am I saying?

The Burning Brides were another ball o' wax that was burning alright, the smoke coming off guitarist Dmitri Coats' axe was singing the hairs of those who crashed the front of the stage; just to get a look at the pixie-like figure of Melanie Campbell pounding the daylight out of her bass was a treat, and stand-in drummer Jason Kourkounis (who has traded his soulful swing in

The Delta 72 for a more four-on-the-floor style for this group), held the back beat for their hard rockin', yes dare I say, grunge-tinged repertoire. No strangers to Vancouver, (this was visit #3), they were in top form and looked happy to be there. So happy in fact, they paused briefly mid-set to let the audience know the good news of their being added to the **Audiophile** tour. As some applauded graciously, I groaned my disapproval; what's next, your t-shirts will be sold at Hot Topic next to the **TOOL** patches and **Nirvana** posters? Ugh.

The Swedes were finally up and ready to reap the benefits of tons of press and radio play, but for all their rallying cries of "C'mon Vancouver, it's time to dance!", strategic finger pointing by the bassist, and some drum destruction at

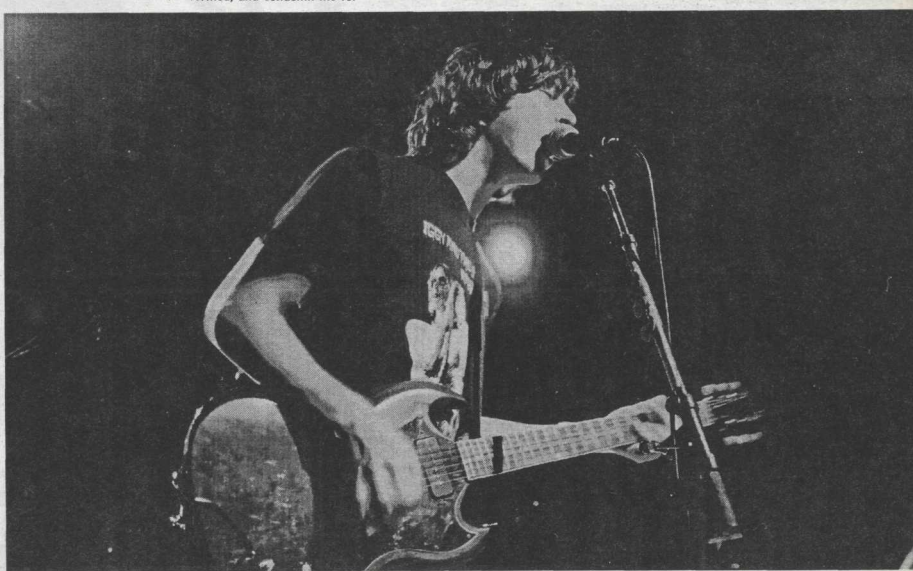
show's end, the energy of the show that I was expecting from these guys just wasn't there. They had sound problems early on that took the punch out of "We've Been Planning This For Years," the set's opening tune, and by the halfway mark, they threw in tunes like "I Guess I'm Healed" that brought the mood down slightly, and instead of dancing, we were heading to the back of the bar. Things picked up near the end, with "Black City," "Need To Get Some," and "Pretty Electric" rounding out the hit parade. They left the stage, but came back out almost immediately for their encore (which they shouldn't have done, but to do it properly, they should have taken a lesson from the **Supersuckers** book of encore etiquette—when done your set, simply turn your back to the audience, wait five seconds, turn around with a surprised look, and resume rockin'). Satisfied, but not blown away, we exited the club at the ungody time of 11:45PM and cruised home.

Bryce Dunn

PAUL IS DEAD
THE SWEET FUCK ALL
HONG KONG BLONDE
Pat's Pub

Saturday, February 1
Paul is Dead played first and their **slowlive-meets-Roch Voisine** cum early **Bootsauce** reverberated loudness was a welcome distraction from

"Don't bother me when I'm watching Planet of the Apes on TV." Ben Kweller, Croatia Cultural Centre, February 13, 2003. Photo by Kimberley Day



the pack of large women that sat down at my table. Tell me, who in the hell brings multiple 300g bags of potato chips to a rock 'n' roll show? Anyways, **The Sweet Fuck All** took stage and unleashed a wall of **Rocky Burnette/Rock's** teens guitars and rookie enthusiasm. Lead guitarist **Black Diamond** combined. **Greg Ginn** quirkiness with **Uli Jon Roth** (shit, make that **Jeff Healey**) ambition and a killer moustache. While rhythm guitarist **Daryl Rasberry's** wild, pathetic flailings on his guitar both repulsed and aroused sympathy simultaneously with each chord. I'm not quite sure what I witnessed and I may or may not want to see it again. But one thing's for sure, a moustache like that definitely warrants further investigation.

Up last, **Hong Kong Blonde**

sounded like the accused meets "Feel the Darkness"-era **Poison Idea**. Taking the latter's penchant for no style and running a field goal with it. I mean, wearing **Airwalks**, **Mondetta** jackets and **Exhaust** jeans is almost an art statement in itself. Anyways, I'd like to see these guys removed from a bar setting and playing in a sweaty **Maple Ridge** basement.

THE ORGAN
GIRL NOBODY
OPERATION MAKEOUT
THE SALTEENS
Purple Onion
Thursday, February 6

Eric Bachmann, having the time of his life. As you can see.

Photo by Ian Pickering

Now I have one more reason to love **Girl Nobody**: their slide-show didn't suck. In fact, it was downright decent. Maybe I'm just a sucker for animation, but clips from **The Powerpuff Girls** and **Dexter's Laboratory** synchronized to the complex, atmospheric sounds of **Girl Nobody**? Oh yeah. Their set was way too short, but I comforted myself by picking up a four-song EP of songs from their upcoming full-length "Headphones". So if you see a girl singing along to her discman on the bus, it's probably me, listening to the excellent first track, "Manchester '66". Again. **Operation Makeout**

managed to draw the typically shy crowd to the front of the stage, but Katie's vocals were nowhere to be heard. Especially when a very drunk guy forded through the sea of standing, nodding hipsters to loudly point out our lameness. Gum-chewing bassist **Megan Bradford** looked amazingly bored on stage; nevertheless, **The Salteens'** offering of bouncy, trumpet-accented pop finally, finally got people dancing. You want to dance, **Vancover**. You know it. You just don't know you know it. Now put on your headphones and listen to "Manchester '66" until you start moving. **Kat Siddle**

CROOKED FINGERS
Picadilly Pub

Thursday, February 13
When **The Archers of Loaf** released **icky Mettle** in 1993, hope was given to thousands of like-minded fanboys everywhere that one could actually make a living screaming about the pains of breaking up with one's girlfriend whilst flailing on a jazzmaster like an inferior version of **Polvo**. With six albums and two EPs, **The Archers** explored a vast territory of indie rock's capacity, even when they wheeled a goddamn piano into the studio. Through their stylistic phases, one sound remained constant: **Eric Bachmann's** voice. He could go from sounding like a timid teenager to a cop-slug-gin' drunk at the drop of a beat. **Bachmann** maintained a solo career during his tenure with **The Archers**; under the moniker **Barry Black** his voice took on the feel of a young **Tom Waits** after a particularly bad bender. This tone carried over when he started his current project, **Crooked Fingers**, after **The Archers of Loaf's** demise.

At the Pic on the 13th, **Bachmann** invited a spellbound crowd into his world of dingy beer halls, where the old drunk sits begging for another drink. Into towns with no hopes or dreams, waiting for heroes. Into an existence where beer for breakfast and sniffin' glue is affectionately labelled "soft abuse." With a sparse drum kit, stand-up-bassist, and a fellow guitarist as accompaniment, **Bachmann** looked like he was having the time of his life as he regaled the enraptured audience with his tortured tales. The PA was intentionally kept at low volume simply so that **Bachmann**, in that inimitable voice that relishes the sorrow it bespeaks, could show us why he is one of indie rock's greatest poets.

Luke Mead and Mo

PAPER LANTERNS

FUCK-UP KIDS

Kool Klub

Friday, February 14

A note for all the pretentious indie kids too good to ever set foot in an all-ages show again:

Fuck you. Fuck you gently with a chainsaw. Fuck you, I hope that you never DO go to an all-ages or living room show again, because they are so much damn fun that you'd only bring the tone down.

Are you gonna stand shoulder to shoulder in a tight living room, pressed against 40 other bodies in your cardigan? No. You're sure not. Are you gonna jump up and down, singing the lyrics to your favourite songs at the top of your lungs because you're having an amazing time? Hell, I've never ever seen you MOVE at a nightclub. Are you gonna stage-dive off a bookshelf onto your friends? Again, doubtful. Point at your friend's boner, and announce it to the rest of the room? Probably not.

Know why? Because you suck. You suck, and have forgotten how to have fun. And you will never have fun again, and you'll die old and lonely, locked in a room with your Hot Hot Heat albums wondering why everything wasn't as good as in the old days.

Prats.
Chris Eng

ADAM GREEN
BURQUITLAM PLAZA
Pat's Pub

Saturday, February 15
I think I'm allergic to beer. Maybe it's just the beer at **Pat's Pub**, but my whole face turned a dark crimson just before **Nick from piano's** side project, **Burquitlam Plaza** started playing. It was just him, but I could hardly hear a word he said. I did manage to decipher his dark version of "Bills, Bills, Bills" and it was good, since I never liked the song before. I heard he rocked later that night in one of his 106 side projects. Then came the nymph known as **Adam Green**, playing to a crowd of 60 that sounded like a crowd of six. This was the least advertised gig, and it's stupid, stupid, stupid for that to happen. He's a **Moldy peach** for the love of Benji! I'll give anyone a million dollars if you can convince me that "Mozzarella Swazikas" means anything. Who else could make "whore" sound like "who-er" so he could rhyme it with "skewer"? Who else would want to? But he was quite good and I found him unfazed by the crowd except for one great moment. **Adam** asked how we were, and we said "good" and he asked "Really?" Priceless. He don't need no chick in a bunny suit. Stupid Beautiful Music Festival!
Chris-A-Riffic

DJ KRUSH
Commodore Ballroom

Sunday, February 16
On November 23rd of 2001, I got my first media hook-up to a show and, yeah, I did feel a bit of 'Almost Famous'. It was **DJ Krush** at Sonar and not only was I stoked about the hook-up but I was super curious about what kind of set

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LISTINGS

- 1 David P. Smith
Run Chico Run
benevieve Castree
- 2 Vissudda
- 3 Cunt
- 5 Doppler Effect
- 6 Amy Honey and the
Hot Snails w/the
Lonesome Valley Singers
- 7 Rob Scheps Quartet
(portland)
- 8 John Guliak
Sarah Wheeler
- 9 Bruce Freedman Trio
- 10 Cunt
- 12 JPCarter Trio
- 13 A/V Lodge
- 14 Colorifics
- 15 Runcible Spoon
(toronto)
- 16 Coco Love Alcorn
art opening
- 17 Black
- 19 Clant Feather
- 20 Mike Z Quartet
- 21 Tennessee Twin
El Dorado
- 22 No Luck Club
Six Foot Sloth
Spooky Dance Band
(Portland)
- 23 Alchemy
w/guests
- 24 Cunt
- 26 Dyad w/guests
- 27 A/V Lodge
- 28 Buttless Chaps
Jonathan Inc.
- 29 Broken Crow Quartet
- 31 Cunt

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someone like Krush would do. This wasn't about turntable gymnastics like a **Q-Bert** or a pumpin' dance-a-thon to a **Roger Sanchez** or **Digweed**. And like me and my man Mark were talking afterwards, this was the kind of 'show' that one could walk into and say to his buddy, "Whats the big deal, why are they clapping for this dude? What's he really doing anyway?" While I didn't hear anybody say anything like that, Mark did hear someone mention that, "he didn't even scratch that much." I actually wouldn't have minded if Krush did 'scratch' a tad more but like I said, mon frere, this ain't Q-Bert, this is the Krush, foo. After seeing everyone from **Thievery Corporation** to **George Clinton** in the past few months, this was my first 'DJ

set' in a while. No live musicians and vocalists and no crazy 'un-tss, un-tss, un-tss' house beats and no 15 man deep crew on stage simultaneously yelling "What? What?" into the mic so you could barely hear the intended MC. Naw, dude, this was just two turntables and one badass turntablist in every sense of the term.

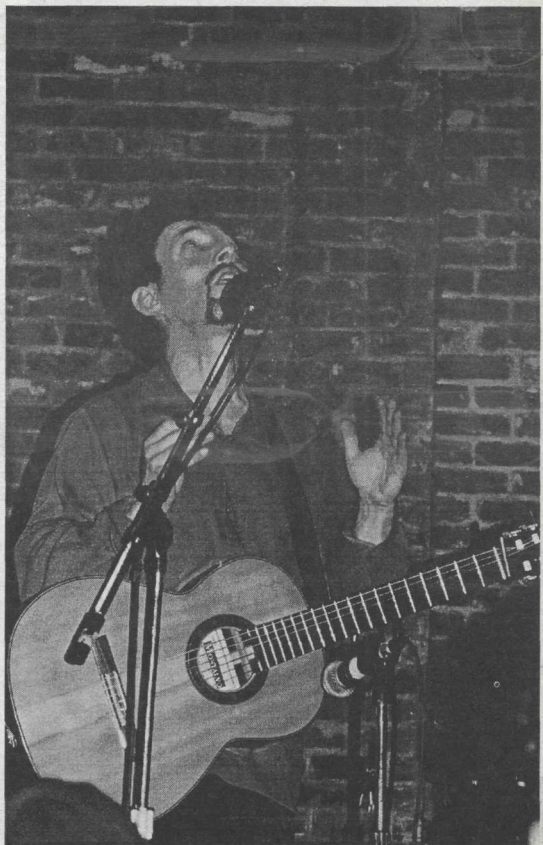
Like I wrote in my review the last time, Krush was still about sliding trippy, weird-ass sounds over monstrous hip hop and d'n'b beats, but there's more. Just as his technique on the decks could be really called subtle and unorthodox, those two words could also be used to describe the set in general. He goes from classical hip hop breaks to off-beat beats that can't really be categorized. The atmosphere of sound

goes from black hole-like to a **Miles Davis**-like trumpet, but all within this weird Krush context.

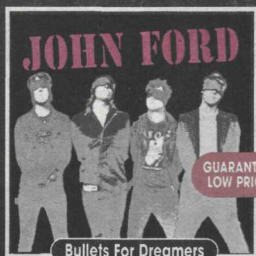
Like my other friend Jay said immediately, "He makes it look like such an art, eh?" Half jokingly, half serious about the way Krush moved his hands and arms over the records. The thing is, they way he did glide his hands and arms over the records was very artistic-like (bear with me, now). He was, in fact, like a painter in that he was slowly and subtly painting a picture on a canvas, only it was really turntables slowly mixing and matching an "abstract hip hop collage" with record layering and manipulation into the smoky Commodore-sphere. **Black Belt Boon**

Mr. Richman: "Oh God, why can't I have as much fun as Eric Bachmann?"

Photo by Sam Wiseman



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- Fri Mar 7th...Blackfeather (Opry era Bluegrass) with Victoria's Jeremy Fisher
- Sat Mar 8th...Jon-Rae Fletcher and The River with Burquitlam Plaza
- Thurs. Mar 13th...Driving Country with Craig Jacks and the Mighty Jackalopes
- Fri. Mar 14th...Swank (acoustic show) with openers Tugboat
- Sat. Mar 15th...Main street favorites Something About Reptiles
- Mon. Mar 17th...St. Paddy's Day Bash with Butch Murphy and the Greasy Kings
- Thur. Mar 20th David M. (No Fun Vocalist and Songwriter) with special guests
- Fri. Mar 21st...The Golden Wedding Band (Original 20's-30's Hokum Jazz)
- Sat. Mar 22nd...John Guliak and the Lougan Bros. with David Chenery
- Sun Mar 23rd...Ex-Grievous Angels Vocalist from Toronto Michelle Rumball
- Thur Mar 27th...Adrienne Pierce and Marcus Martin (acoustic pop)
- Fri Mar 28th...The high lonesome porch sounds of Slowdrag
- Sat Mar 29th...Edmonton's Old Reliable (this guys are really, really good)

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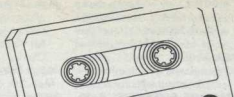
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| 4 Bob Log III | Log Bomb | Fat Possum |
| 5 Shipping News | Three-Four | Touch and Go |
| 6 Sonigilation | V/A | Sonig |
| 7 Lightning Bolt | Wonderful Rainbow | Load |
| 8 Smash Up Derby | V/A | Gearhead |
| 9 Go-Betweens | Bright Yellow... | Jet Set |
| 10 Angels of Light | Everything Is Good ... | Young God |
| 11 Kinski | Airs Above Your Station | Sub Pop |
| 12 D4 | 6trenty | Flying Nun |
| 13 The Clean | Anthology | Merge |
| 14 Buck 65 | Square | WEA |
| 15 Massive Attack | 100th Window | Virgin |
| 16 Morvern Callar | Soundtrack | Warp |
| 17 User | Symphony #2... | Asphodel |
| 18 Nick Cave | Nocturama | Mute |
| 19 N. Takemura | 10th | Thrill Jockey |
| 20 Sea and Cake | One Bedroom | Thrill Jockey |
| 21 Turbonegro | Ass Cobra | Burning Heart |
| 22 Salteens | Let Go Of Your Bad... | No Records |
| 23 V/A | survive and advance 2 | Merge |
| 24 Apes | Street Warz | Planaria |
| 25 Postal Service | Give Up | Sub Pop |
| 26 Smog | Accumulation: None | Drag City |
| 27 Wolf Eyes | Dead Hills | Troubleman |
| 28 Aislars Set | How I Learned... | Suicide Squeeze |
| 29 Mind Player | Take Your Skin Off | Bulb |
| 30 Cat Power | You Are Free | Matador |
| 31 Soledad Brothers | Live | Dim Mak |
| 32 Datsuns | The Datsuns | V2 |
| 33 USA Song Poem | V/A | Bar None |
| 34 July Fourth Toilet | Something for Everyone | Pro Am |
| 35 N.O.I.A. | Unreleased | Ersatz |

March Short Vinyl

- | | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1 The Birthday Machine | Direction... | Top Quality R n' R |
| 2 Maximum R n' R | Switchblade | Independent |
| 3 Lupine Howl | Don't Lose Your Head | Vinyl Hiss |
| 4 Veal | I Hate Your Lipstick | Six Shooter |
| 5 New Town Animals | Fashion Fallout | Dirtnap |
| 6 Gentlemen Of Horror | 5 Song 45 | Independent |
| 7 Service Group | Manufacto | Squid vs. Whale |
| 8 Frog Eyes/JWAB | Split | Global S. |
| 9 Mirah | Small Scale | K |
| 10 Armatron | s/t | GSL |
| 11 Arimus Pyle | s/t | Prank |
| 12 Semiautomatic | Remixed by... | GSL |
| 13 World Burns to Death | Human Meat... | Prank |
| 14 The Agenda | Are You Nervous? | Kindercore |
| 15 Dexters Laboratory | The Hip Hop Exp. | Rhino |
| 16 The Spitfires | Juke Box High | Glazed |
| 17 Get Hustle | Who Do You Love | Gravity Scat |
| 18 Chromatics | s/t | GSL |
| 19 Shannon Wright | A Junior Hymn | Grey Flat |
| 20 The Starvations | Horriified Eyes | GSL |

March Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 The Department | Winner like You |
| 2 Me | Counting the Hours |
| 3 Married to Music | I'm a Drunk |
| 4 Antique City | Piecemecal |
| 5 Snow Goats | The Dressmakers |
| 6 Ashley Schram | Urban Rain |
| 7 Girl Nobody | Come and Find Me |
| 8 William Hardman | Cherry Pie |
| 9 Groovy Gals | Trash Song |
| 10 Silt | Untitled |
| 11 The Blacklist | A Travesty |
| 12 The Hand | Already Not Yet |
| 13 Therefore | Whapl! |
| 14 Feminists | Sad Echo Wailed |
| 15 Skeleton | Like You |
| 16 Rice Rocket | Cloud #3 |
| 17 St. Tito's Day | Lariat |
| 18 Magical Glass Tears | These Autumn Leaves |
| 19 The Sore Throats | Prickalicious |
| 20 Collapsing Opposites | Holden and Esther |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (i.e., "November" charts reflect airplay over October). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •

CiTR Station Manager Job Posting

The Station Manager shall work with and report to the Executive of CiTR but ultimately shall be responsible to the Board of Directors of the Society. The Station Manager shall:

- manage the day-to-day operations of the radio station;
- exercise guidance and leadership with respect to the operations of CiTR while at the same time working harmoniously with the Executive;
- organize the volunteer membership of CiTR;
- organize and attend meetings of CiTR, the Executive and the Board as required;
- prepare an annual operating budget for the radio station;
- keep up to date on CRTC Regulations and ensure adherence by CiTR to the same;
- assume responsibility for licence renewals;
- assist the Executive with long term planning for the Radio Station;
- organize special projects in connection with the Radio Station as required.

This full time position will run on an annual contract with a salary range of \$28,000 - \$30,000 and includes full benefits (three weeks paid holiday, medical benefits after the first month, dental, extended health, group life insurance, and group pension after three months).

Phone 604.822.1242 for application information. Deadline for application is March 31th, 2003

on the dial

your guide to CTR 101.9fm

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:00-3:00PM Reggae in all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-coughin'-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ

alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM

6:00-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA

8:00-10:00PM RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

TRANCENDANCE

10:00PM-12:00AM Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

THE SHOW

12:00-2:00AM

BBC WORLD SERVICE

2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE

6:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brownsters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD

alt. 11:00-1:00PM Local Mike and Local Dave bring you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

GIRLFOOD

alt. 11:00-1:00PM PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional listen with your host Chris.

SANDBOX THEATRE

3:00-

4:00PM A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national and international theatre groups. We welcome your involvement. <sandboxtheatre@hotmail.com>

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

4:00-5:00PM A chance for new CTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

WENER'S BARBQUE

5:00-6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

CRASH THE POSE

alt. 6:00-7:30PM Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

SOLARIZATION

alt. 6:00PM Current affairs with an edge. Kenneth Chan exposes issues that truly matter. None of that mainstream crap. Anybody say controversy? Email: <solarization@radio.fm>

MY ASS

alt. 6:30-7:30PM Phelps, Albini, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO

7:30-9:00PM Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Mar. 3: Jacknife is a hard-hitting album by the great alto saxophonist Jackie McLean with two hot trumpeters (Lee Morgan and Charles Tolliver) and drummer Jack DeJohnette (drums).

Mar. 10: Take Aim

is a super rare date by an unsung hero of the tenor saxophone: Harold Land with a great band of L.A. based players.

Mar. 17: Batik

is one of master guitarist Ralph Towner's best. He's heard on 12-string and classical guitar and piano and is backed by Eddie Gomez (bass) and Jack DeJohnette (Drums).

Mar. 24: Pianist Red Garland

and Horns. Richard Williams (Trumpet) and the amazing Oliver Nelson (arranger, alto and tenor saxophone). One of his most distinctive dates.

Mar. 31: Composer, arranger and

Jazz pioneer Todd Dameron and his orchestra with Clark Terry (trumpet), Johnny Griffin (tenor saxophone), Bill Evans (piano), Philly Joe Jones (drums) and many more. The Magic Touch.

VENGEANCE IS MINE

12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—

thank fucking Christ.

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6:30-8:00AM DJ Christopher Schmidt also hosts Organic at Club 23 (23 West Cordova) on Friday nights.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and 'The Lovely Andrea' Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES

8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIMES THE CHARM

9:30-11:30AM Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal—

<borninistatynine@hotmail.com>

FILL IN

alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

LA BOMBA

alt. 11:30-12:30 REEL TO REAL alt. 12:30-1:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

BEATUP RONIN

1:00-2:00PM Where dead samurai can program music.

CPR

2:00-3:30PM Buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump...

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6AM								6AM
7	REGGAE LINKUP	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE				8
9			HIGHBRED VOICES		END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED		9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	THIRD TIMES THE CHARM	FOOL'S PARADISE	PLANET LOVETRON	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	10
11				THE ANTIDOTE				11
12PM		GIRLFOOD	LA BOMBA [Wb]	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH		GENERATION ANNIHILATION	12PM
1	ROCKERS SHOW	LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD	REEL TO REEL [Tk]			THESE ARE THE BREAKS		1
2		PARTS UNKNOWN	BEATUP RONIN	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE		POWERCHORD	2
3			CPR	RADIO FREE PRESS	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW		3
4	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	SANDBOX THEATRE [Tk]	ELECTRIC AVENUES [Ec]	MOTORDADDY/RUMBLETONE RADIO	RHYMES & REASONS	NARDWUJAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	4
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS	MEAT EATING VEGAN [Ec]					5
6	QUEER FM	WENER'S BARBQUE [Sp]	10,000 VOICES [Tk]	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HIP [Tk]	CITR NEWS AND ART [Tk]	ELECTROLUX HOUR	6
7		CRASH THE POSE	FLEX YOUR HEAD	A.S.W. [Po/Ec]	OUT FOR KICKS	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS	SOUL TREE	7
8		WIGFLUX RADIO		BLUE MONDAY [G]	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR	AFRICAN RYTHMS		8
9	RHYTHMSINDIA		SALARIO MINIMO	FILL IN			SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	9
10		THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOMEBOSS		10
11	TRANCENDANCE		ESCAPISM	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	WORLD HEAT	MORNING AFTER SHOW	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	11
12AM								12AM
1	THE SHOW	VENGEANCE IS MINE!					THE RED EYE	1
2			AURAL TENTACLES		WIRELESS CRUELTY	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL	EARWAX	2
3	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES		FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM			REGGAE LINKUP	3
4								4
5								5
6								6

Cf=conscious and funky • Ch=children's • Dc=dance/electronic • Ec=eclectic • Gi=goth/industrial • Hc=hardcore • Hh=hip hop
Hk=Hans Kloss • K=Kids • Jz=jazz • Lm=live music • Lo=lounge • M=metal • No=noise • Nw=Nardwuar • Po=pop • Pu=punk
Rg=reggae • R=rock • Rts=roots • Sk=ska • So=soul • Sp=sports • Tk=talk • Wb=world

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES

alt. 3:30-4:30PM
ELECTRIC AVENUES alt. 3:30-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN

4:30-5:00PM
10,000 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances.

FLEX, YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo.

<http://flexyourhead.vancouverherald.com/>

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

ESCAPISM alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

12:00AM Electro-acoustic-trip-dub-ethno-groove-ambient-soul-jazz-fusion and beyond! From the bedroom to Bombay via Brooklyn and back. The sounds of reality remixed. Smile. <DJSatyricon@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES

12:00-6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM

Bringing you an enthralling and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! <suburbanjungle@earthlink.net>

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM

Japanese music and talk.

THE ANTIDOTE 10:00AM-11:30PM

ANOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Mead irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM

Zines are dead! Long live the zine show!

MOTURDADDY alt. 3:00-5:00PM

Cycle-riffic rawk and roll!

RUMBLETONE RADIO alt. 3:00-5:00PM

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem

RACHEL'S SOUND 5:00-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too.

www.necessaryvoices.org

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 6:30-8:00PM

(First Monday of every month.)

BLUE MONDAY alt. 6:30PM-8:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

FILK IN 8:00PM-9:00PM

YOLK OASIS 9:00-11:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country and more. Not a mirage! <folkoasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 11:00PM-2:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM

Music inspired by *Chocolate Thunder*; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funk-mashup. <robotlove@yahoo.com>

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM

Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hard-core).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM

Comix comix comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP ALT. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM

Viva la Velouristi! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it!

www.sustainability.com/dinos/radio

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM

No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM

The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your ass-patented host Gary Olsen. <crippus55@hotmail.com>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM

Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11. <http://www.stargatehall.com/hellradio>

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-1:00AM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Darykani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>

WIRELESS CRUELTY 1:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of red rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to <skaj_s@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM

Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM

The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American

communities.

NARDWAR, THE HUMAN SERVITUDE PRESENTS...

CITR NEWS AND ARTS 3:30-5:00PM

5:00-6:00PM A volunteer produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 12:00-2:00AM

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL 2:00-6:00AM

Drake, slither music of all genres to soothe the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

SATURDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00AM-8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

9-12PM African/World roots.

9AM-12PM Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION 12:00-1:00PM

Tune in for a full hour of old and new punk and Oi music!

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM

From backwoods delta lowdown slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-6:00PM

SOUL TREE 6:00-9:00PM

From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

SYNTHATIC SANDWICH 9:00-11:00PM

PLUTONIUM NIGHTS 11:00PM-1:00AM

Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haitiche with guest DJs and performers.

<http://plutonium.org>

THE RED EYE ALT. 1:00-4:30AM

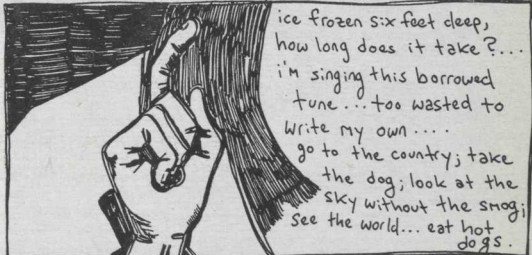
EARWAX 4:30-9:00AM

"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop headz rock innu juglist mashup/distort do source full force with needle on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free do jazz." "Out.

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria shake. Hosted by Sister B.

Kick around March 2003
 S. Malik-N. Young.

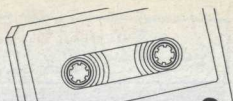


ice frozen six feet deep,
 how long does it take?...
 i'm singing this borrowed
 tune... too wasted to
 write my own...
 go to the country; take
 the dog; look at the
 sky without the smog;
 see the world... eat hot
 dogs.

LISTEN TO CITR ONLINE AT
WWW.CITR.CA

datebook

what's happening in march



SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE APRIL ISSUE, THE DEADLINE IS MARCH 19. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

SATURDAY MARCH 1

Hard Rubber Orchestra@House Community Centre; Livewirepalooza@The Brickyard; Nasty On, The Gay, Shecky Grey@Pat's Pub; Ford Pier and a Brace of Cleaners, Sarah Wheeler@The Main; Neely Neil@Commodore Ballroom; David P. Smith, Run Chico Run, Genevieve Castree@The Sugar Refinery; Tribute show, Bughouse 5, SK Robot, Hoodwinks, Les Funks, Swank, Mount, Mongoose, Magic Ass, Elizabeth@WISE Hall; At Home and Asea@The Blinding Light

SUN 2

Mad Caddies, Real McKenzies, Rise Against, Flipsides@Unit 20 Legion; The Dark Crystal@The Blinding Light; UBC Chaplain's Association@AMS Gallery

TUE 4

Folk Implosion, Mia Doi Todd, Alaska@The Piccadilly Pub; Blackfeather@Railway Club; Mix Master Mike, Lady Precise, Czech@The Purple Onion; Schmélvis@The Blinding Light; UBC Chaplain's Association@AMS Gallery

WED 5

Calexico@Richard's On Richards; Wreckin Crew, Po, Sourmash@The Brickyard; Ladytron, Simon, Mount Sims@Commodore Ballroom; Schmélvis@The Blinding Light; UBC Chaplain's Association@AMS Gallery

THUR 6

Amy Honey, Assertion@The Sugar Refinery; Flairs@Blarney Stone; Paint@El Coastal Restaurant; DJ Craze, Adam F, Skibadee, Mixologists@Commodore Ballroom; The Capitals@The Purple Onion; Docs in the House Presents Celluloid Dreams@The Blinding Light; UBC Chaplain's Association@AMS Gallery

FRI 7

Pretenders, All Mighty Senators@Queen Elizabeth Theatre; Faces of Eve@Studebakers; Veal@Railway Club; Blackfin, Lazy Boy, Ross Vegas@The Brickyard; Blackfeather@The Main; Snaps@Croatian Cultural Centre; Sisterhood 2003; Real Sistas@The Blinding Light; UBC Chaplain's Association@AMS Gallery; Rob Scheps Quartet@Sugar Refinery

SAT 8

April Verch@Blue Mountain Park; David Gogo@The Yale; George Jones@Orpheum Theatre; Melissa Fernick@Croatian Cultural Centre; SideSix@Seven, Martial Law, All State Champion@The Brickyard; Wave of Mutation, Clover Honey@The Piccadilly Pub; Funny Ha-Ha@The Blinding Light; UBC Chaplain's Association@AMS Gallery

SUN 9

April Verch@Blue Mountain Park; Roysopp@Commodore Ballroom; Eyedea & Abilities, Living Legends@Richard's On Richards; Lunas@Croatian Cultural Centre; Funny Ha-Ha@The Blinding Light; Daniel Starling@AMS Gallery

MON 10

Sea and Cake@Richard's On Richards; Band Appreciation Night@The Brickyard; Daniel Starling@AMS Gallery

TUE 11

Smokin' and Drinkin' on a Tuesday Night@The Brickyard; O&V, Jack Tripper@The Railway Club; Mixtophones, Ad Mare Wind Quintet@The Havana Theatre; Freedom Downtime@The Blinding Light; Daniel Starling@AMS Gallery

THUR 13

Walter Trout, The Radicals@The Yale; Paint@Gallery Lounge; Dirty Needles, The Sore Throats, Shake Appeal, Musa@The Brickyard; This Side Up: The Slide Show@The Blinding Light; Daniel Starling@AMS Gallery

FRI 14

Spirit of the West@Commodore Ballroom; Forty Foot Fall, Mass Undergo, Mommy Made Monsters@The Brickyard; Swank, Tugboat@The Main; Attack of the 50 Foot Reels@The Blinding Light; Daniel Starling@AMS Gallery

SAT 15

Livewirepalooza@The Brickyard; Spirit of the West@Commodore Ballroom; The BTU's, Chinatown@The Brickyard; No Quarter: Canada's Tribute to Led Zeppelin@Studebakers; Manifestations of Manitoba Mania@The Blinding Light

TUE 18

Smokin' and Drinkin' on a Tuesday Night@The Brickyard; Canadian Premiere: Urban Warrior@The Blinding Light; Ivan and Andrew Dionne@AMS Gallery

WED 19

Supergass, The Coral@Commodore Ballroom; Sunset on Broadway, Sharp Teeth, The Accident, Prints, This Machine Destroys@The Anza Club; Canadian Premiere: Urban Warrior@The Blinding Light; Ivan and Andrew Dionne@AMS Gallery

FRI 21

Be Good Tanyas, The Waifs@Commodore Ballroom; Golden Wedding Band@The Main; Fates Vos Jeux@The Blinding Light; Ivan and Andrew Dionne@AMS Gallery; Tennessee Twin@Sugar Refinery

SAT 22

Staticbed@Studebakers; FreeBase, Musa, Blackfin@The Brickyard; John Gulak and the Lougan Brothers, David Chenery@The Main; Salmon Arm, Shrimpmeat, The Widows@Pat's Pub; Fates Vos Jeux@The Blinding Light; The Salteens, Kevin Kane, Ryan Dahle, Pete Bastard, Billy the Kid, The Yokos Casanova, The Radio@The Royal; Ivan and Andrew Dionne@AMS Gallery; No Luck Club, Six Foot Sloth, Spooky Dance Band@Sugar Refinery

SUN 23

Kid Koala @H.R. Macmillan Auditorium; King Crimson@Commodore Ballroom; Ikara Colt, The Sahara Hotnights@The Royal; Steve Malkmus and The Jicks@Sonar; The "Work Sucks" Tour@The Blinding Light; Ivan and Andrew Dionne, Enrico Gianfranchi@AMS Gallery

TUE 25

Ibrahim Ferrer@Orpheum Theatre; Smokin' and Drinkin' on a Tuesday Night@The Brickyard; Grey Gardens@The Blinding Light; Ivan and Andrew Dionne, Enrico Gianfranchi@AMS Gallery

THUR 27

Guy Davis@Capilano College Performing Arts Theatre; Andrea Klas@The Arts Club Backstage Lounge; Adrienne Pierce, Marcus Martin@The Main; The Seventh Seal@The Blinding Light; Ivan and Andrew Dionne, Enrico Gianfranchi@AMS Gallery

FRI 28

Yousouf N'Dour, Super Ettoile Band@Commodore Ballroom; Friday Prekaut@The Brickyard; Slowdrag@The Main; The Precious Fathers@The Blinding Light; Enrico Gianfranchi@AMS Gallery

SAT 29

Carol Welsman, Peter Appleyard@Centennial Theatre; Livewirepalooza@The Brickyard; Old Reliable@The Main; Vancouver New Music Presents The Cycle of Strength@The Vancouver Playhouse Theatre; Candy Von Dewd and the Girls From Latexploita@The Blinding Light; Enrico Gianfranchi@AMS Gallery

SUN 30

Little Bear@Queen Elizabeth Theatre; Candy Von Dewd and the Girls From Latexploita@The Blinding Light

MON 31

Band Appreciation Night@The Brickyard; Lisa Winn@Pondside Music

Special events

FAT WRECK CHORDS TOUR SUNDAY, MARCH 2 UNIT 20 LEGION

Mad Caddies, Real McKenzies, Rise Against and Flipsides. C'mon, you know you've been looking for an excuse to get drunk and shirtless with your bros.

LADYTRON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5 COMMODORE

This concert will be way better than the one we said was happening on February 26. Ladytron will actually be there.

SUPERHUMAN GIG CRAWL SUNDAY, MARCH 23 AS MANY VENUES AS YOU CAN

Suggested Route: First, see Ikara Colt rip up The Royal. Hotfoot it to Sonar to catch Steve Malkmus. Then, if time allows, try and get to Kid Koala's extravaganza at the H.R. Macmillan Auditorium.

places to be

active pass records	324 w. hasting	604.646.2411
bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734
beatstreet records	3-712 robsn	604.683.3344
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828
blinding light!	36 powell	604.878.3366
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959
club 23	23 west cordova	
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550
crossdown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964
legion of van	300 west pender	
lotus hotel	455 abbott	
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555
ms. ti's cabaret	339 west pender	
orpheum theatre	smith at seymour	604.665.3050
pacific cinémathèque	1131 howe	604.688.8202
pat's pub	403 east hastings	604.255.4301

pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
railway club	579 dunsuir	604.681.1625
richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
red cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
royal	1029 granville	
scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
teenage rampage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsuir	604.665.3050
video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232

WEST AFRICAN
SUPERSTAR & HIS 11-PIECE
SUPER ETOILE BAND

Youssou N'Dour

Fri/Mar 28 9:30PM

COMMODORE BALLROOM **SHORE** **EXHIBIT**

"... a singer with a voice so extraordinary that the history of Africa seems locked inside it." **ROLLING STONE**



FROM AMSTERDAM, THE LEGENDARY

ICP Orchestra

Fri/Mar 21 8PM

Mika Mengelberg PIANO
Han Bennink DRUMS
Ab Baars SAX & CLARINET
Michael Moore SAX & CLARINET
Tobias Delius SAX
Wolter Wierbos TROMBONE
Thomas Heberer TRUMPET
Mary Oliver VIOLIN VIOLA
Tristan Honsinger CELLO
Ernst Glerum BASS

NORMAN ROTHSTEIN THEATRE
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"Some of the most exhilarating, surprising, beautiful, and downright joyful music I've ever heard." **CHICAGO READER**

Zebradonk

Brodie West MULTI-INSTRUMENTALIST
Alex Lukashevsky GUITAR
Tania Gill PIANO
Shawn Abedin DRUMS

Wed/Apr 2 8PM

WESTERN FRONT 303 E. 8TH AVE

Tom Waits meets Sonny Rollins at a cabaret with Captain Beefheart.



Ugetsu

Bernie Arai DRUMS
Jon Bentley SAX
Brad Turner TRUMPET
Rod Murray TROMBONE
Ross Taggart PIANO
André Lachance BASS

Thu/Apr 17 8PM

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AT LARGE ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS...

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BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE (FROM TORONTO)

(FEAT. MEMBER'S OF GOD SPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR.

DO MAKE SAY THINK. TREBLE CHARGER. BLURTONIA)

DOORS 7:00PM. SHOW 7:30PM.

SOMAR CABARET (66 WATER ST.)

23 SAHARA HOTNIGHTS (FROM SWEDEN)

IKARA COLT (ENGLAND)

WASH DOWN

DOORS 7:30PM. SHOW 8:30PM

THE ROYAL HOTEL (1029 GRANVILLE ST.)

4 BRIGHT EYES (SADDLE CREEK)

ARAB STRAP (FROM SCOTLAND. MATADOR REC)

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS.

DOORS 8:00PM. SHOW 9:15PM

THE COMMODORE (868 GRANVILLE ST.)

11 THE BLACK HEART PROCESSION

PLUS GUESTS

DOORS 7:00PM. SHOW 7:30PM

RICHARDS ON RICHARDS (1036 RICHARDS ST.)

11 MILLENCOLIN

PLUS GUESTS

THE CROATION CULTURAL CENTRE

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT, AND TEENAGE RAMPAGE.
BRIGHT EYES TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE AT TICKETMASTER

COME FLY WITH US!

ZULU'S ASTRAL OUTINGS INTO THE SONIC SUN!

CAT POWER

You are Free CD/LP

Come Hollywood grace and be asked to pen the soundtrack to some mildly uplifting fable, à la Elliot Smith and *Good Will Hunting*. For this neglect she may be fortunate, indeed. But the point is that with *You Are Free*, MARSHALL has got something that could speak to a whole lot of people, and it probably will. This is a great record, which isn't surprising at all. That MARSHALL has decided to turn up her amp now and again and rock out, on the other hand, might impress a few listeners who are familiar more with her whispered, brooding past two recordings, the excellent *Moon Pix* and *The Covers Record*. This commendable work behind her, however, why MARSHALL feels it necessary to apologise for every little thing she does – like she did at her last, still totally captivating solo show in Vancouver – is a question that only a team of qualified therapists could possibly help answer. Better to keep the mystery mysterious, we think. Nevertheless, this album is even better than you expect it to be.

CD 19.98 LP 19.98

DIRTY THREE

She Has No Strings Apollo CD/LP

After seven albums, a number of AEPs, a few collaborations, and a couple of solo works, Warren Ellis (violin/piano), Mick Turner (guitar), and Jim White (drums/percussion) have yet to lose their capitalizing all of their original energy. Guided by some loose ocean-going narrative, *She Has No Strings Apollo* unfolds slowly in DIRTY THREE time – a form of time that is endlessly cyclical and enveloping, like the shadowy embrace of some mystery. Still, there's enough boom in their playing to make this journey more than mere atmosphere – the waters often get choppy when they are deepest, with secret sources deep below the surface creating turmoil and danger. Tossed around, we eventually wash up at nighttime in some Australian harbor, gasping for breath, looking at the expansive sky, while a hand plays far away, whispering some melancholy truth from the great beyond.

CD 19.98 LP 16.98

OWL & THE PUSSYCAT s/t CD

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT went out to sea on a courtship voyage in a ship laden with a serenading guitar and demure organ. We know of the exotic nonsense that animated the waters under their bow, what we didn't know was of the refuge recordings they blissfully made in our own coastal waters! The light-house on the point of Galiano Island was ok on its own for awhile, as engineers John Collins and David Carrowell a.k.a. JCDG (Jazz Pornographers, Destroyer, Young and Sexy) rigged up the studio to document their enticement. Featuring simple songs with gentle strumming, with just one listen you recognize this as the latest collaboration from Lois Maffeo (The Pussycat), and Greg Moore (The Owl). Now you too can seek refuge in the safe harbours of their stark beauty! P.S. Owl and The Pussycat will make an exclusive Vancouver appearance at ZULU March 27th at SPMI.

CD 16.98



NICOLAI DUNGER

Tranquil Isolation CD

In 1969 Van Morrison released his solo debut, *Astral Weeks*. Very few people got it. Fewer kept it. The record was selling magnetically north to pure obscurity, as 1969 had no understanding of Morrison's venture into the folk-jazz slipstream. Now, to say that NICOLAI DUNGER's *Tranquil Isolation* stands next to Morrison's opus would surely be a big claim. However, *Astral Weeks* and *Tranquil Isolation* have something very surely in common: in that they both point to a speak on the horizon: a co-ordinate of sonic beauty informed by an understanding of pop-soul and orchestrated folk. Both records aim forward to create a moment instead of simply capturing one, and this goes rather than that. For *Tranquil Isolation*, his friends Paul and Will Graham, Peter Townsend and Jessica Bille join Dunger. Indeed, an incomprehensible sweet thing is coming again – by among the few who got this record, and among the few who kept it. Zulu in-store performance, Wednesday, March 5 at 5:00 PM.

CD 19.98

THE MINUS 5 Down With Wilco CD

Once upon a time Scott McCaughey was the lead voice of the Young Fresh Fellows, a steady, good-natured folk rock fixture on the Pacific Northwest scene. Nowadays, when he's not hanging out with the big guns of REM, McCaughey fronts a kind of open-door tribute band to expansive, intelligent pop music. His latest recording, *Down With Wilco*, features – you guessed it – Wilco, as well as Peter Buck, Ben Dinklage, Sean O'Hagan, and a few other reputable hired guns. As you can see, the Minus 5 clearly has talent and experience to spare. But how are the tunes, you ask? Very sweet, we reply, with nice Beatles, Brian Wilson and – you guessed it again – Wilco inspired affections. And by the way, they're playing a Zulu in-store performance, Sunday, March 23 at 5:00 PM. See you then.

CD 16.98

CURSIVE Ugly Organ CD/LP

Go looking for Springsteen's isolation blues elsewhere, because you won't find them in Nebraska. Nebraska is no longer America. Some argue it looks a lot like the cradle of civilization these days, the very recent culture is springing up in this Fertile Crescent. Let's consider the phrase: the grass is greener in Omaha. Nebraska. Why? Simple, Omaha N.B. has been the 'other side' of the American emporium/hardcore scene for quite some time now. In fact, Omaha is home to Bright Eyes, The Faint, Desaparecidos, Azure Ray and Carisval Ulthio, thanks to Saddle Creek Records, the post-hardcore sounds coming out of their huge, red curtained SoCal Auditorium can now be heard in this and every other neck of the woods! Oh yeah, members of Cursive perform in Bright Eyes – we think you like em. AVAILABLE MARCH 4TH

CD 16.98 LP 14.98



BLACK RICE

Rice Lightning CD

We are sending this one out to Toronto. Back off! It got some shit here that is going to make your rock scene consider reinvention. That's right, BLACK RICE is driving to Toronto to kick ass at North by Northwest. If you know what they sound like – come down and buy their CD and put a little of your boot in their gas tank. If you don't know what they sound like... well, this is the sound of youth going crazy, taking the good parts of punk and rock and making entertainment out of dissonance! Like *Three Inches of Blood*, this band won't Shindig and will back the track and actually make a name for themselves! Another Vancouver Band to watch in 2003!

CD 10.98

CALEXICO Feast of Wire CD/LP

The sound of dusty, southern American sophistication, like a red wine stain on sun-bleached earth, CALEXICO are the players' players that everyone loves to love. They can do anything and do it well, which they've proven over and over on their past four albums plus – like super duper session musicians, picking up whatever is necessary to make their music work and come alive, always game for something new, adopting styles without pretension, in no way contrived or disrespectful. *Feast of Wire* has more of the same, thankfulness, and there's much to be thankful about, from the rocky *Swamp Water* to the plaintive *Black Heart* to the light-hearted *Call of Robert Attack!* to the jazzy *Crumble*. Great breeding genes never sounded as good and sure as this. And hey – check them out live, March 5, at Richard on Richards.

CD 19.98 LP 16.98

BEANS

Tomorrow Right Now CD

It is to be mistaken with Vancouver's premier post-rock ensemble, Beans is – in this case – one third of the now-defunct Anti-Pop Consortium. *Tomorrow Right Now* represents the first in a promised trilogy of solo recordings from the members of that apocalyptic-rap trio – a crew which, despite its name, always managed to make music that was as strangely infectious as it was witlessly strange. This album amplifies the Anti-Pop Sanitarium approach to the point of sheer futuristic delirium. You will be singing these hooks, yelling these rhymes and making these noises for months to come. Your friends will think you're mental. AVAILABLE MARCH 11TH

CD 19.98



TOSCA

Delhi 9 2CD/4LP

We are all greatly indebted to the Viennese Institute for Electroacoustic Composition, as it was this excellent scholastic setting that regimented the extensive studies of Richard Dornheister and Rupert Huber, otherwise known as Tosca. And we are also greatly indebted to the Viennese child-out lounge scene, as it was this now-famous setting that embraced the frenzied evenings of romantic DJ hedonism by which Tosca has gained the reputation they enjoy there, here and everywhere. Naturally, counterbalances lead to the best results: academia and popular culture need each other like the sun needs the moon, the left needs the right, or we need a good drink after work. The people love downpours, we love the people – Tosca satisfies all our needs.

2CD 26.98 4LP 29.98

IN COMING MERCURIAL MUSIC

SONGS OHIA- The Magnolia Electric Co. CD

GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MYNCI -20: Singles Collection CD

AZITA- Enantiodromia CD (w/membership Tortoise)

CASS McCOMBS- Not the Way CD

PAPA M- One CD/EP

GORKY'S- Mansion EP CDEP

MOMUS- Oskar Tennis Champion CD

GO BETWEEN- Bright Yellow Bright Orange CD

JOHN FAHEY- Red Cross CD

STARS- Heart CD

MOUNT SIMS- Ultra Sex CD

THROWING MUSES- s/t CD

RED SNAPPER- s/t CD/LP

ANI DIFRANCO- Evolve CD

JEFF PARKER (of Chicago Underground Quartet)- Like Coping

TUBORGNE- Ass Cobra & Apocalypse Dudes CD (reissues)

MOUSE ON MARS- Post Rocks/EP

Collection CD

HELLACOPTERS- By The Grace of God CD

STEPHAN MATHIEU AND EKKENHARD EHLERS – Heroin 2CD



MUSIC IN THE AFTERNOON

NICOLAI DUNGER Wednesday March 5th 5PM

Venture into the Swedish slipstream with this blonde man's bluest

THE MINUS 5 Sunday March 23rd 5PM

Down with Wilco and down with Zulu – Scott McCaughey and Pete Buck stop by!

OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT- Thursday March 27th 5PM

A Vancouver exclusive! Lois Maffeo and Greg Moore shine in-store!

PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL MARCH 31, 2003



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Sat 9:30 – 6:30

Sun 12:00 – 6:00